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APRIL, 1954

THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

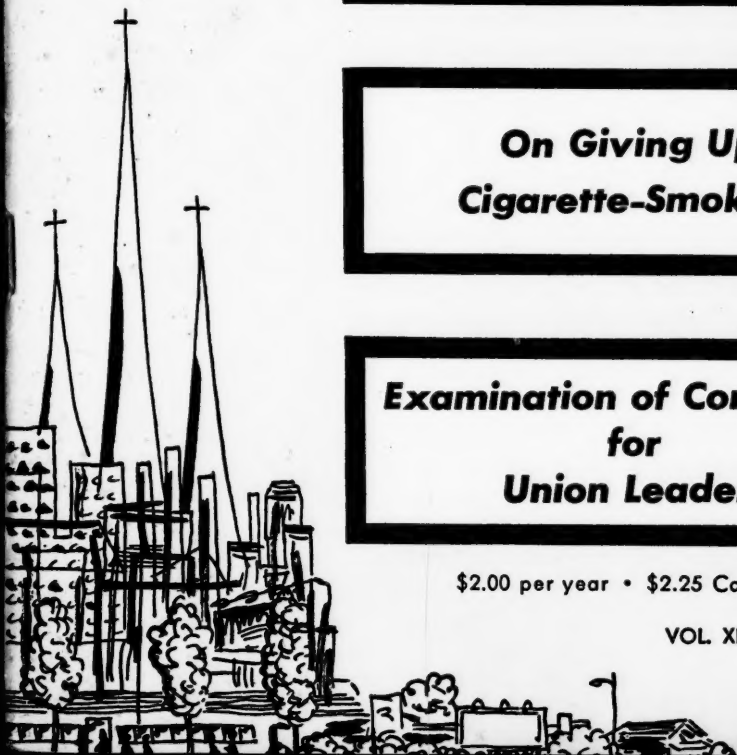
How to Check Your Anger
Why Deny Yourself?

On Giving Up
Cigarette-Smoking

Examination of Conscience
for
Union Leaders

\$2.00 per year • \$2.25 Canada and Foreign

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The Liguorian

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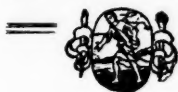
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THE *Liguorian*

April, 1954

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

How to Check Your Anger

Scarcely anybody escapes temptations to impatience and anger, and the temptations arise especially in one's home. Here is an examination on the different manifestations of anger, with suggestions for overcoming them.

Donald F. Miller

THERE is perhaps no subject for resolutions that applies to more people and in more different ways than the subject of anger. The pride of life, which St. John set down as one of three root causes of evil in the world, manifests itself at times in almost everybody in the form of impatience and anger with those around them. At the same time there are few vices that are more readily excused and sometimes even defended than that of giving way to anger in one way or another.

Also there is no doubt about the fact that anger is permitted to flourish especially in the most sacred relationships of life, i.e., in the home. Few people permit themselves to give way to anger toward strangers met briefly in trains or buses or in business or on the streets. Few give way to anger when dealing with acquaintances or friends. It is the husband and wife who find themselves expressing impatience and anger toward each other.

It is the mother or father toward their children, brothers and sisters toward one another. Of course anger sometimes overflows from the home to embrace neighbors, and enters into the conduct of an employer toward his employees, and of one employee toward another. But it is safe to say that if expressions of anger could be eliminated from homes, the world would be infinitely happier than it is.

There are many individuals, we are sure, who can do much to achieve this goal in their own homes, if they can be brought face to face with the pettiness, the pride, the unChristlikeness, the futility and evil consequences of their own faults in this regard. For them these lines are being written.

It should be noted at the outset that there is a vast distinction to be made between feelings of anger and sins of anger. Every human being in the world, except perhaps the rare few who are so temperamentally pliable and un-

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assertive that they want peace at any cost, will at some time *feel* impatient with others, or be tempted to a bitter or angry retort, or be carried away by an interior tempest of resentment against somebody else. Such feelings are in no sense a sin if they are kept, by self-discipline and God's grace, from appearing in one's external conduct in any way, and if they are not permitted to lead to deliberate desires that others be hurt in some external way. The sin of anger is chiefly a sin of expression; it means manifesting momentary or lasting ill-will toward another, or the desire to do so.

Also it should be noted that there is a sharp distinction to be made between the sin of anger and reasonable, forceful attempts to correct others who are subject to one's authority or influence and who are in need of correction. Anger is actually defined as the inordinate desire to correct or punish someone. It may be inordinate because the correction or punishment administered is clearly motivated by passion or fury; or because the methods used (cursing, profanity, screaming, cruelty, etc.) are sinful themselves and capable of doing more harm than good. The duty of correcting others is reasonably carried out only when reason, not passion, inspires it, and when the words and actions used are designed to help and not hurt the one corrected.

When these distinctions have been made, it can be set down that there are eight different forms in which one human being can manifest anger toward another. Most of them are venial sins, because the mortal sin of anger consists of the deliberate desire or the attempt to hurt, or to see somebody hurt, seriously. Most people, when giving way to their anger, especially in their homes, do not desire to hurt seri-

ously the one who provoked their anger. They desire to hurt that person, but only enough to satisfy their own ego and their own pride.

But the fact that many of these sins are venial sins should not lessen the desire to overcome them. They are venial sins that can, if they go unchecked, lead to mortal sins, and that can completely destroy the happiness of a home and the peace that should prevail among men. Here is an examination on the eight forms in which anger can be expressed.

1. *Angry words.*

The most common form of sins of anger is that of harsh, loud, strident, intemperate words. Question yourself as to whether you may be guilty in any of the following things:

a. Do I find myself raising my voice to anything from a shout to a scream, when I feel upset or unnerved by something that is said or done to hurt my feelings?

b. Do I catch myself saying harsh and bitter things without pausing to think of the meaning of what I am saying, then afterwards regretting what I said? "I hate you." "I wish I were dead." "I wish you had never been born."

c. Do I use profanity or vulgar or even obscene words when I am angry, obviously wanting to shock and hurt those who cross me?

d. Do I make accusations against others that I know I have no right to make, when I feel resentful against them?

There is only one remedy for the intemperate language one is tempted to use in anger. That remedy is silence. One has to learn the act of saying nothing at all, when one knows that anything said will hurt another in some way. A mother tempted to anger against her children should train her-

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self to keep silence for thirty seconds when she feels on the verge of screaming at them, and in that time she should say a little prayer for patience. Then she may give orders and correct the children, and she will do so reasonably and effectively.

2. Sarcastic words.

Anger does not always take the form of loud and violent language. Sometimes it speaks quietly, but its quiet is that of a knife cutting into the very heart of another. Sarcasm is the weapon that anger usually uses in these cases. See whether you have used it.

a. Do I speak with scornful exaggeration of the virtues of my wife or husband or children when I am angry at one of them. "Of course you know it all." "Of course you can do no wrong." "Of course you're perfect and never commit a fault."

b. Do I express exaggerated pity for myself when I am irritated at someone in my home? "I should realize by this time that I am always the one who must give in," "I shouldn't expect that anyone around here would ever give in to my wishes." "All I do is slave for you all day and every day, and what do I get for it? Nothing."

c. Do I refer sarcastically to what other people have and what I might have if I were not tied down to this home, when my anger boils over? "What a fool I was for not marrying somebody else!" "Other wives (or husbands) have something to say in their own homes; but I'm just a servant without getting paid for it."

The remedy for sarcasm in anger, which always carries the element of self-pity, is humility, the smothering of one's ego, absolute honesty in appraising one's blessings and crosses.

Non-Existent

Father Max Jordan, writing from Germany, relates a story of a teacher in the Red zone who told his class that he would prove that there is no God.

"Let Him strike me by lightning here and now. I challenge Him! See? Nothing happens. There is no God!"

A pupil raised his hand. Given permission to speak he said:

"I have written to President Wilhelm Pieck of the East German government and asked for a pair of shoes. He did not answer me nor did he send me any shoes. So from what you say about God, I guess there is no Herr Pieck either."

The sarcastic person has a superiority complex, a puffed up ego, that can be cured only by the honesty of humility. It will help them, too, to know that nothing makes a person more surely and completely detested than the sarcasm of self-pity.

3. Violent actions.

The tendency of unrestrained anger is to hurt the person who has aroused the anger. In some people the tendency has been so little restrained that it seeks to hurt not only by words but by actions. Violence is one of the worst forms that anger can take and may, if serious injury is attempted or done to another, constitute a mortal sin. Search your soul for this weakness.

a. When angry at my children, do I strike them in a fury of passion that reveals a willingness to hurt them severely?

b. Have I ever used cruel and inhuman instruments of punishment in my anger, which could easily do serious or lasting damage?

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c. Have I ever left marks — bruises, cuts, disfigurements, on another as a result of attacking that person in my anger?

d. Do I throw things, kick things, break things, in giving way to my anger, thus destroying valuable property besides trying to hurt the person who aroused my anger?

A person who permits anger to lead to unreasonable violence against a husband or wife, brother or sister, son or daughter, thereby reveals himself to be so immature and spoiled that it is almost hopeless to suggest remedies. In some cases they need to be thrashed themselves (no matter how old) as severely as reason will allow. If any such really want to reform, they must do so only by adopting a program of self-mortification that will do spiritual violence to their own childish natures.

4. Quarrelling.

Anger leads not only to sudden and momentary outbursts of harsh and cutting language and violent deeds; it is also responsible for protracted quarrels. We mean quarrels, not in the sense of fist-fights or physical encounters, but in the sense of angry altercations that may go on for long periods of time. Husbands and wives as well as brothers and sisters, may find themselves addicted to quarrelling when they honestly answer the following questions.

a. If somebody in my family states that I am wrong in holding a certain opinion, sometimes on a not very important subject, do I rise to a defense of my opinion and become embroiled in a long, drawn-out argument with that person in which our speech becomes louder and louder, more and more personal, less and less concerned with truth than with brow-beating each other into acquiescence?

b. If I am gently (or even harshly) corrected for something I have done or said, do I go into a tantrum of self-defence and accusation against the one who corrected me, until we are both shouting about the faults we dislike in each other?

c. Do I start quarrels by saying things that I know are certain to arouse the ire of another, with the result that we usually end up in a torrent of mutual recriminations?

Common sense, combined with just a bit of fraternal charity, should enable one to avoid quarrelling. Common sense reveals that angry quarrelling is about the most useless thing we can engage in. A good, honest, intellectual argument with someone is profitable, even though it grows warm at times. Quarrelling always centers around personalities, and its arguments are inspired by passion and pride rather than reason. It never convinces anybody of anything, and only leaves lingering bitterness in its wake. Charity demands that a person try to say nothing that will aggravate another, and that, if unwittingly he has said something that has that effect, he withdraw from the argument immediately. It takes two to quarrel; one is enough to stop a quarrel.

5. Nagging.

Anger can explode, and anger can simmer and sputter for days or weeks, even sometimes for years. The nagger is the person whose anger takes the form of constant complaining, repeated statements of his (or her) grievances, ever-recurring expressions of spite and resentment. When nagging enters into a household, peace and comfort fly out the window. Some people do not know that they are naggers, but they will know it if they honestly answer these questions.

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a. Do I have one particular grievance (e.g., against my husband, that "he does not make enough money," or against my wife, that "she spends too much money,") to which I give expression in petulant or accusing language at least once every day.

b. Whenever the least bit of a difference, an argument, or misunderstanding arises between myself and someone else in my home, do I find that I inevitably bring up a long past sin or fault or mistake of the other, which I have mentioned at least a thousand times before?

c. Do I find that I rarely go through one full day without complaining to my wife (or husband) about something that I don't like in her (or him)?

Nagging is one of the infallible signs of self-pity and a lack of that wholesome generosity of spirit that alone makes full forgiveness of the shortcomings of another possible. Naggers defend themselves on the ground that anybody would complain who had to bear the terrible things inflicted on them by another. They are right in that anybody with as small and pinched a spirit as theirs, and as great a devotion to their own superiority, would always find something to complain about in a partner. To get out of that class of small souls, the nagger needs to learn the spirit of humility, gratitude and forgiveness.

6. Pouting.

Anger can express itself through silence. The silence that anger sometimes adopts as an offensive weapon is not to be confused with the silence that should be employed to keep oneself from violent expressions of anger. A person who is often tempted to hasty and intemperate speech can cure that defect only by learning to be silent when the fury of anger is upon him.

Thirty seconds of such silence is often sufficient to save one from regrettable language in anger, especially if it be accompanied by an interior prayer for patience.

Angry silence takes the form of pouting. It is a silence that bristles, that charges an atmosphere with tension, that can as easily be interpreted as violent words. It is usually a prolonged silence, that refuses to take part in even the most trivial of conversational amenities. Introspective, sensitive and moody persons find themselves especially tempted to show their anger in this way, as the following questions will reveal.

a. When somebody hurts or angers me, do I feel incapable of answering as sharply as I would like to, and therefore show my anger by withdrawing into a shell and refusing to talk at all for a period of time?

b. Have I at times lapsed into an aggrieved silence over some fancied injury, only to find out afterwards that the one who provoked my anger was utterly unaware of what it was that upset me?

c. When angry at someone, do I make him (or her) feel it by showing absolutely no interest in anything, not even in things that are ordinarily my favorite topics or activities?

d. If accused of pouting, do I adopt an attitude of woebegone sadness, and answer every attempt to shake me out of it with "I don't care" or "Just leave me alone"?

There is little hope that the "pouter" will overcome his bad habit unless he faces the fact that his temperament inclines him to take offense where none is intended and then, hopeless of making others repent in any other way, to lapse into an unmistakably aggrieved or angry silence. Such persons can remain free from the fault of angry si-

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lence only when they learn to make allowances both for the shortcomings of others and for their own touchy sensitiveness.

7. Taking revenge.

With some people, anger expresses itself in attempts to take revenge on the one who occasioned it. There is a wide variety of ways in which this may be done, from attempts to do grave bodily harm to the person, to scheming attempts to make the person suffer some form of retribution. We exclude the attempts to do serious physical harm to another, but many will find themselves subject to seeking revenge

in one of the following forms, some of which can be serious sins.

a. If someone angers me, do I seek revenge by running that person down in my conversation with others, revealing his secret faults, perhaps even exaggerating them and lying about them?

b. After a quarrel with my partner in marriage do I speak uncharitably about him (or her) to my children, or my own blood relatives?

c. Do I try to alienate the friends of someone with whom I am angry, by making that person appear to be unworthy of their friendship or trust?

d. Do I attempt to take revenge on my partner in marriage when I have been angered, by refusing to fulfill the duties of marriage or to carry on with my essential tasks?

e. Do I try to take revenge on a person who, I think, has injured me, by spoiling his chances for advancement or recognition?

One who invariably seeks to take revenge against another has an exaggerated or wrong sense of justice, and no regard for Christian charity at all. Christ dramatically insisted not only that His followers are not to strike back at those who injure them, but that "when they are struck on one cheek, they should turn the other" for another blow. This was one of His forceful ways of saying that revenge is sinful, and will be punished by Him in the end.

8. Hatred.

Hatred is the final, fixed and spiritually fatal outcome of undisciplined anger. Hatred is persevering bad will: it is the deliberate crystallizing of one's anger into a state of manifest enmity. Hatred is not to be confused with involuntary dislike or antipathy for a certain person, which everybody experiences at times, and which is no

How Would Christ Preach Today?

If the Divine Master were walking the earth today, we do not think that He would be telling us about groats and fishermen's nets or wheat and cockle. He would draw His examples from the life around Him. Trade unionism, collective bargaining, stocks and bonds and perhaps television and radio might be made subjects of a parable.

His illustrations, however, usually pertained to natural relationships of men and things. If you want to get an idea of how "mechanized" modern civilization has become, try for a moment to find a few examples of things in their "natural" state in present-day capitalistic society. Yet we feel sure the Divine Teacher would find in our artificial forms of life timely illustrations for the application of His timeless doctrines.

The boat on the lake is now the flagship in the sky. The house on the sand, an apartment without children. The knock on the door, a telephone bell in the middle of the night.

The Stigmata

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sin at all if it is quite successfully concealed. Hatred is not involuntary; it is an act and a habit of the free will whereby one, both interiorly and externally, surrenders to acts of enmity toward another. These questions reveal its presence in a soul.

a. Do I find myself deliberately fostering the desire to hurt, or to see hurt seriously, the one who has injured me?

b. Do I deliberately rejoice in the grave misfortunes that befall my enemy, and wish they would be multiplied, even to the point of wanting him to be condemned to hell?

c. When I pray, do I deliberately try to exclude, or stubbornly refuse to include, my enemy in the prayers I know I am bound to say for all my fellow-men?

d. Do I show my hatred by refusing even to bid the time of day to my enemy, either when we meet alone, or in the presence of others, and that over a considerable period of time?

One who has fallen into hatred toward another must be made mindful of the fact that deliberately to hate a fellow human being is the equivalent of hating God. He is inviting God's condemnation on himself, because every time he says the Our Father, he asks God "to forgive his trespasses as he forgives," i.e., only in the measure in which he is willing to forgive those who have wronged him. And it does not matter how great the wrong one has received from another; since Christ died on the cross to save all men, all men must forgive any injury done to them by others.

The Last Word

The priest in the barber's chair was swathed in his big apron. Into the next chair stepped a fellow who at once launched a line of coarse talk that seemed to have neither start nor finish. The priest stood it for a while and then said quietly:

"Would you mind cutting the dirty talk? I'm a man who doesn't like it."

The fellow sneered:

"If you're a man you ought to like it."

The priest turned:

"I am also a priest, and as a priest I don't like it."

"Well, I don't like priests," replied the man sneeringly.

Slowly the priest rose, taking off the protective tent to show a great breadth of shoulders.

"Well, I am also a former football player; and as a football player, I don't like your talk."

The silence henceforth was broken only by snipping shears.

Fr. Krause

Some of the deepest footprints in the sands of time are left by heels.

Information



For Wives and Husbands Only

Donald F. Miller

Fraudulent Marriage

Problem: Eleven years ago I married a non-Catholic before a Catholic priest. While I was in the army my wife became interested in somebody else, and after I returned from the service, she divorced me for the other man. Six months after she left me I learned of her past. A year before I met her she became involved with a man and this resulted in her having an abortion, the effect of which was to make her incapable of ever having any children. Because of this I consider her marriage to me to have been a direct fraud. She must have known that I would never have married her if I knew she could not have children, and yet she concealed the fact. I feel that, for this reason, the Church should grant me an annulment of the marriage. Am I not right?

Solution: I am afraid that the Catholic Church will not be able to grant you a declaration of nullity on the ground of fraud, unless you can bring forth unassailable and objective proof of the fact that, before marriage, you told the girl and others that you would not marry her if she had been made sterile by an operation, and proof that she knew she had been made sterile and lied about it to you. If, as I suspect from the wording of your letter, you never brought up this subject to the girl before you married her, the Church takes it for granted that you accepted her as she was, and so your marriage is presumed to be valid.

Many individuals make the mistake of thinking that their ignorance at the time of marriage concerning certain hidden faults or characteristics of the person they marry gives them grounds later on for asking the Church to annul their marriage. Thus a man may say, a year or two after marriage: "If I had known before marriage that my wife didn't want more than one child, I would never have married her. Therefore I should be able to get an annulment." Or a wife may say: "If I had known before marriage that my husband was an excessive drinker, I would never have married him. Therefore I demand an annulment." In neither of these cases nor any similar one, will an annulment be granted. The principle is that *ignorance concerning certain moral or spiritual characteristics of a person whom one marries does not nullify the contract of marriage*. The practical conclusion to be drawn is that marriage should not be entered hastily, nor without due study and consideration of the character of a prospective spouse.

Good Friday---

---Anzio---

Ernest F. Miller

---1944---

THIS TALE has to do with a Good Friday that I spent on the Anzio beachhead in Italy in 1944, and what led up to my being a part of that hazardous excursion into an area that was filled with enemy soldiers only too anxious to shoot a bullet at you and through you if you gave them half a chance. You see, I'm a priest, a Redemptorist priest, one destined by vocation to travel around the world giving missions and retreats, not one destined by vocation to sneak onto the shore of a foreign country and spend four or five months dodging bullets and lying in ditches to avoid the shrapnel of exploding shells. Well, that's another story — just what a priest has to do with armies and invasions and wars. This story has to do with Anzio, and eventually with a Good Friday I spent on Anzio.

It was during the second world war, a war justly forgotten now by most of those who were not crippled or blinded by it or who did not lose a husband or a son or a father in it. A new war has a way of wiping out the memory of an old war. The Korean war supplanted the second world war. The Korean war will soon be forgotten too. So is the mind of man constructed.

Anzio is a few hours drive south of Rome, consisting of a thousand or

THIS STORY is particularly interesting because it approaches so closely the abandonment and the suffering of the first Good Friday. Purely theatrical and sentimental Good Fridays are an abomination. The soldiers on Anzio in 1944 found little of the theatrical and the sentimental in their Good Friday.

more people, and possessing one of the most beautiful settings that any town or city in the world might have. It is situated on the Tyrrhenian sea (the Tyrrhenian sea is an arm of the Mediterranean sea, bordering Italy on the west), and is made up of beautiful villa-like homes, many of which were built hundreds of years before the debacle of world war II. The purpose of these homes was to serve the natives of the place and to provide shelter for the thousands of visitors who came from the cities each year to spend their vacation at the beach. It is said that Nero, the notorious persecutor of the Christians in the early days of the Church, was wont to come to Anzio from time to time in order to take the waters and enjoy the healthful salt air of the sea.

I said that Anzio is made up of villa-like homes. My tense was wrong. Anzio was made up of villa-like homes.

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The war gave no priority to beauty and antiquity. When the invasion of American troops came to this quiet and restful retreat on the sea, homes toppled and became rubble, resorts fell to pieces and buried their tenants within the ruins, and much of what had been orderly and pleasing to the eye turned into a mass of broken masonry and stone. It was as if a mighty earthquake had visited the place and shaken to fragments everything that stood above the ground.

My unit was scheduled to participate in the invasion on a Sunday in February, embarking in LSTs at Bagnoli (a suburb of Naples), sailing up the coast to a likely landing spot off Anzio and then driving inland under a cover of heavy artillery. No one knew what to expect in the way of opposition from the enemy. Italy had already surrendered. But half the German army (at least so it seemed to us) had moved in to take the place of the fallen and former ally.

In view of the fact that there were innumerable American troops readying themselves for their part in the adventure (they would accompany us and follow us in the succeeding days), many of whom were without priests to prepare them by confession and communion for the chance they would be running of meeting sudden death, I secured permission from my commanding officer to remain behind for a day in order to supply as many of these men as possible with the sacraments. I promised that I would catch up with my own battalion on Monday morning. The commanding officer, though not a Catholic, was most accommodating. He assigned me a ship for the following day and wished me luck, as he hoped that I would wish him luck on the ticklish business about to be ac-

complished. I saluted and began my work at once.

All day Sunday I said Masses in various sectors around Naples, which was the point of embarkation, giving out thousands of communions and hearing more confessions than I could honestly count. When at the end of the day, and as unit after unit moved onto the waiting ships, there still remained a great number of Catholic soldiers who had been unable to get to confession, I gave general absolution, telling the men that, while the general absolution was sufficient to take away their sins in an emergency like this, they still had the obligation of confession at their first opportunity.

Monday morning I went down to the docks for my own passage. I met there the officer in charge of the loading, an old friend of mine when we had served together in the 99th division back in the states. We had been transferred out of the 99th in 1942, he going to England and I to Africa. We had not met since that time. There wasn't much time for conversation. But at least this much came out of the conversation — a transfer from the ship which I was supposed to take to another ship which, as my friend said, had a far more genial captain in command.

It was a happy transfer. Providence had a hand in it. Definitely it was not yet my time to die. I have my reasons for saying so.

We pulled away from the docks and began our run up the coast. (Anzio is not far from Naples). As we approached the spot where we were scheduled to land, the Germans were sending huge shells to greet us, assuring us of a warm welcome even before we set a foot on dry land. These shells were plopping in the water all around us,

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exploding with a vicious crack and sending up geysers of water far into the air. They constituted a pretty sight if not exactly a reassuring one.

The ship that I was supposed to be on was right in front of us. All of a sudden one of the shells landed right on the roof of the cabin of this ship where most of the officers were congregated. I learned later that many of the officers were killed or wounded. My commanding officer thinking that I was amongst these officers, marked me off as gone, and sent one of the soldiers of the unit to the graves registration office to check on the details of my demise and to secure such effects for my relatives as I may have left behind and that survived the explosion. There was great surprise on all sides when I showed up later on all in one piece and quite unaware of the modest excitement that I had caused.

One somewhat humorous aspect of our landing at Anzio had to do with the captain of our ship. When we got about two blocks from the shore and it was apparent that the shelling of the Germans was not going to stop but rather become increasingly persistent and voluminous, the captain came to us in perturbation and asked whether we thought it a good idea to keep plunging for the shore (LSTs could practically dock on dry land) or rather turn around and go back to sea for a time until the devilish shelling stopped. Of course it goes without saying that we did not relish this running of the gauntlet any more than he did. And there were many places in the world that we would rather have been than in this particular place at this particular moment. Anzio held no interest for us at all. We reassured the captain; so in we went. And not a man on the ship was hurt.

We scampered up on the sand and took cover. You can be sure that it did not take the captain long to get his LST out of there once the last man had disembarked. He churned up the water like a whirlpool and in the wink of an eye was out of range. I suppose he drank some very black coffee and perhaps a quantity of that which was much stronger than coffee when he discovered that the guns could no longer reach him.

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Hide-and-Seek

Charles de Foucauld, the famous French explorer was once asked how he could be so charitable and good to the more depraved and filthy of the Tuaregs who inhabit the lower Sahara, among whom he spent the last fifteen years of his life. Every Christian who comes face-to-face with human misery should ponder his reply.

"I believed," he said, "that Christ was playing hide-and-seek with me, disguising Himself in the most wretched of these poor people. What could I do but treat each of them with the reverence that I would pay Our Lord Himself?"

+ + + + +

But there we were on the beach. We were very much in reach of the guns. And they were feeling for us almost as though they were human. Again by the providence of God I was able to get away from this place of immediate danger and reattach myself to my unit. This was no more than eight or ten blocks from the shore.

The trouble was this. The sector outside the town occupied by the Americans was only flat ground. Formerly it had been marsh and swamp. But

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Mussolini had drained off the water through a tremendous feat of engineering and made the place at least habitable. Beyond this flat ground were the Alban hills guarding the approaches to Rome. The Germans were in these hills, thousands and thousands of them. We were like sitting ducks. Everytime we got out of a hole in the ground or a basement, the enemy would see us and shoot at us. I do not think that there was an hour the whole four months I spent on Anzio when guns were not going off and explosions great and small taking place. It was a condition calculated to make all of us who were engaged in the operation very nervous. And of course not a few of the boys got their ticket for heaven on this flat ground between the sea and the mountains.

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For four months, I say, we sweated out this incongruous situation. We could not retreat, for we had the sea at our backs. And we could not go forward, for we had the Germans too heavily entrenched in the hills in front of us. We just had to sit and wait for reinforcements to enable us to push through the iron ring around us. The territory that we occupied during the entire four months (I was told) was no more extensive than the territory of the city of Berlin.

My most dangerous moments were those during which I had to be riding around on top of the ground in a jeep in order to make myself available as a priest to my charges who were scattered from one end of the front to the other. A jeep is a hard thing to hide, especially if an enemy is looking for things to destroy through a pair of field glasses. My jeep was spotted many times. Even the aim of the Germans was poor as far as I was concerned, or

else God detached an angel to deflect the shells when they came too near me. I was never injured. Of course, I must give credit to my clerk-assistant who drove the jeep and who lives in Cleveland, for he had the front of the vehicle covered with all the blessed medals he could pick up, and the steering wheel bound up with a rosary. It was always a question whether he was more frightened or I, as we drove our little car over roads and across fields (always trying to pick out a small inclination if we could find one, and placing it between ourselves and the Germans).

So it went until Good Friday. The question was, what kind of services could I have for the men. Some kind of services definitely had to be conducted in order to prove to the men that they were not the first ones who suffered. No doubt their lot was hard. They were not made to live in mud, to wound and kill, to bleed and even to die in a land far distant from their own. They were civilians, all of them. This war business was entirely foreign to their nature. They didn't like it. It was their inclination to believe that they were the first ones ever to go through such an ordeal. It had to be proved to them that they were wrong. How was this to be done?

If only it were possible to conduct the way of the cross as the way of the cross was conducted in all churches on this, the saddest and most tragic day of the year! But of course it was not possible. To gather a large group of men in one place in so precarious a situation would mean sudden death to more than one. Church services were out of the question.

I thought it over. If I couldn't bring the men to me, perhaps I could go to the men. The least I could do was read the prayers for the way of the cross

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to them. So it was arranged. I called on the first sergeants of the various areas that I thought it good to visit. I told them that I would take my place in the midst of the holes that their soldiers occupied. The men could poke out their heads and answer the prayers as I led them. The first sergeants said that it was a good idea. They sent out the word to their men to be ready at the time I appointed.

There is no doubt but that the scheme was a good idea. The only trouble was that I did not take the Germans and their guns into consideration. The very first place I visited I found a large congregation awaiting me. The men had their steel hats on their heads and their rifles at their sides; and they were all in holes in the ground, with only their heads sticking out to give proof that they were there. I took up my station in the middle of them. The way of the cross I read at the top of my voice was that composed by St. Alphonsus. I always thought that these were the most beautiful prayers of all the prayers that had been composed to show what Our Lord went through when He endured His passion. At the end of each station I gave a short meditation, trying to show the men that what they were going through had been gone through before them by One a million times more important than themselves.

I got to about the eleventh station when the trouble began. We heard a soft "puff," or maybe it was a "piff" off in the distance — it sounded something like that — and we knew that we were spotted. The first shell landed about three or four blocks in front of us with a tremendous "whompff" We continued with our prayers. The second shell landed about three or four blocks behind us; the third about a

block to the left of us; the fourth about a block to the right of us.

It was at this point that I arrived at the eleventh station, "Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross." I knew that I would be tempting God if I went on. The Germans were zeroing us in. That's the way the artillery did it. The next shells would be on the target. And we were the target. "Take cover," I cried out, and dove for the nearest hole. No longer was there a head visible above the ground.

I found myself lying in a heap on top of a soldier whose name I learned later was Donald Miller (the same name as that of the editor of the *Liguorian*). But this Donald Miller was no editor. He was only a soldier in the throes of a great fear. As the dust of the ground above us, disturbed by the "whompffing" of the shells sifted down upon us, he told me that he had always wanted to become a Catholic, that he had been taking instructions from the chaplain of his outfit in such and such a place, but that he had not as yet been baptized. Would I please baptize him?

I quizzed him quickly on the doctrines of the Catholic religion. He was well instructed. Loosening my canteen from my belt, I told him to stoop over. Then without ceremony or candles or vestments, without any of the solemnity associated with the administration of baptism in a church, I poured the water. "Donald, if you are not baptized, I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." (Baptism can be administered like this in times of great danger). With the pronouncement of the last word, there came the greatest explosion of all. The Germans had us in their lap. They dropped a shell right in our very midst. Dirt and stones and branches

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from trees came cascading down upon us. We thought our last moment had come. Then silence. For five full minutes we lay there hardly daring to breathe, hardly daring to pull our noses out of the ground where we had tried to bury them together with the rest of our person that was attached to our noses. Finally we stirred. From stirring we got to our knees; from our knees to our feet. We discovered that we were not hurt at all.

Donald thanked me for baptizing him. I told him to call on his chaplain as soon as he returned to his unit and tell him what I had done. I filled out a paper with all the necessary information to act as a certificate until a better one could be found. Then both of us climbed out of the hole.

The helmeted heads were again above the ground. I made a speech. "I guess we'd better stop at the tenth or rather the eleventh station," I shouted. "Finish the way of the cross yourselves. You all have your little missals. You'll find the stations in the back of them. But before I go, let's sing a hymn. Maybe it won't be exactly in keeping with the day. But it will have its meaning. You know the words." We sang. And do you know what we sang? "Holy God We Praise Thy Name." Although the shells had landed all

around us, not a man who had participated in the way of the cross was injured.

And so ended my Good Friday on Anzio in April, 1944. I hope that God was pleased with what we did. It wasn't too good a job. And perhaps the angels groaned as they watched us. But it was the best we could think of at the moment. May God forgive us for what we failed to do.

Are there any men out there in the far and near reaches of the United States who will read these lines and who were with me on the memorable Good Friday? And where is Donald Miller, the man baptized in a hole in the ground? I never heard of him again when he climbed out of our mutual shelter at the end of the shelling. If he reads these lines, wherever he is, let him know that the one who baptized him is hoping that the faith so dearly won that day has not been cheaply sold since the dangers of war came to an end. Perhaps he will never have another Good Friday like the one in 1944. But he will surely have a resurrection if that Good Friday had just one tenth of the significance for him that the first Good Friday had not only for the One who suffered it but also for all of us for whom it was suffered.

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Consistency

"You Catholics sure do have big crowds at your new church for services every Sunday." That remark almost floored a Glenmary home missionary recently. The good Methodist lady was obviously not trying to be sarcastic.

"You wouldn't call a handful of forty people a crowd, would you?" he asked. (His newly built church is in the heart of NO-priest-land.)

"Certainly," she replied, "our church is filled a few times each year, but most Sundays we have seven or eight people."

The Challenge

Why the Papacy Is Rejected

Few truths of the Christian religion are clearer in the Bible and in history than that Christ intended His Church to be ruled by an authority such as the Pope. Why do so many reject this truth?

James J. Higgins

THERE is no lack of evidences for the divine origin of the Papacy, (see the article, *How to Find the True Church*, October, 1953, *LIGUORIAN*.) Why is it then, that so many fail to see the strength of these evidences? Why do so many fail to see that, where Peter is, there is the Church of Christ?

Before proceeding to a direct answer, it is well to note in this connection that mankind has been outrageously flattered by the philosophers who call him a rational animal. The term is misleading. It is true that man has an intellect, and is capable of reasoning. But he also has a free if somewhat weakened and diseased will which is capable of the most arbitrary perversities. The will can lock the intellect in the attic and never allow it to consider, fully and fairly, the evidences on even the most important questions.

The evidence, for instance, for the existence of God, a Creator on whom all things depend, is clear and compelling. Yet there are people who are atheists, asserting that there is no God. And there are the agnostics, behind their smoked glasses, complaining that the evidence is not strong enough. Or again, the evidence for the divinity of

Christ is strong enough to win from the reasonable mind the verdict that it is reasonable to believe in the divinity of Christ. (Actual belief in this divinity remains, however, not a work of reason but a gift of God.) And yet, despite the strong evidence, there are those who reject the divinity of Christ. As we say in our modern American English, so what? Does the fact that someone says he cannot see the force of the evidence immediately empty the evidence of all strength and worth and proving force?

By no means. The simplicity of the dove is given to the Christian so that he may believe, even as a child believes, the words of his Father in heaven. The wisdom of the serpent is given so that we may remain undisturbed by the spectacle of others refusing to believe, smilingly skeptical at their protestations that the evidence does not impress their intellects. Even the most guileless, dove-like Christian knows that none are so blind as those who will not see, or who see where accepting the evidence is likely to lead them.

As is the case with the evidence for the existence of God and the evidence for the divinity of Christ, so it is with

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the evidences for the divine origin of the Papacy. The lack is not in the evidences but in the failure of many minds to consider the evidences.

Proceeding to a direct answer, then, to the question in the opening paragraph, we say that the reason many minds do not see the strength of the argument for the divine foundation of the Papacy is this: they simply do not consider the evidences. And the reason they do not consider the evidences is not some severely intellectual factor, such as the *prima facie* inadequacy of the proofs, but a reason of the heart or will.

First there is the man whose eyes are held by the deadening demon of indifference. This is the spirit which blacks out the mind of man when he comes to consider religion, the relations between man and his Creator. Under the influence of this spirit of indifference, man walks like a zombie and babbles like a poor idiot. What he babbles are formulas as ridiculous and unmeaning as the confessions of a communist purge victim, whose intellect has been dissolved by drugs. "It makes no difference what a man believes," he murmurs in a kind of hypnotic refrain, just as if this lullaby could wipe out the fact that God gave man reason primarily so that man could search out and come to the truth about God and man's duties and destiny. Or he will coo you this maudlin hypocrisy, "I worship God in the way I please," as if God, the supreme Lord of creation, had no right to dictate the way in which His creatures were to discharge the debt of worship. Or he will boast, "I have the right to follow my own conscience," which is true only if he has taken care to form a right conscience.

He often languidly supposes that Christ is someone special, touched by

divinity, but as to whether Christ is truly divine and actually founded a Church or society to teach in His name — it all happened so long ago and far away that he cannot rouse himself long enough to focus his mind on the matter. He has some misty hope and conviction of a contented after-life, based primarily on the fact that he is, after all, such a good fellow. The failure of such a man to be impressed by the evidences for the divine origin of the Papacy is, obviously, not a failure of the evidences, but a failure, on his part, to consider the evidences.

This the Pope Cannot Do

"I can write encyclicals," said Pope Pius XII to Canon Cardijn, "I can speak over the radio, I can write about social doctrine, but I cannot go into the factories, into the shops, into the offices, into the mines . . . nor can bishops do this, nor priests, for these places are closed to them. Therefore, the Church needs thousands and thousands of militant lay missionaries . . . who are representatives of the Church in their working environment."

Not all, however, of our contemporaries are so blighted by this corruption of the intellect called indifferentism as to be lost to all sense of reality. Many serious and God-fearing souls from time to time ask themselves what is God's will for them and earnestly seek to discover this will. How is it that they are, so many of them, unimpressed by the evidences for the divine origin of the Papacy?

A convert from the Church of England asked himself the same question.

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"How does it come about," writes H. E. Hall in *The Shadow of Peter*, "that if the evidence for Rome is so clear and probability is on the side of Rome, so many among us fail to see it?" And he gives the following reasons.

It is, he says, in the first instance, the result of our training. From the earliest years the texts which tell us of Peter's place in the constitution of the Church are robbed of their natural sense. "An hereditary gloss is put on these (Petrine) texts."

This tendency among non-Catholics to gloss over or shut one's eyes when coming to the texts of Scripture which tell of Peter's primacy is candidly confessed by the Lutheran pastor, Richard Baumann, in his recent book, *To See Peter*. "For four centuries," Pastor Baumann writes, "we have interpreted the words of Christ 'Thou art the Rock' falsely. We have outlawed them as a Catholic forgery."

To continue with the testimony of Hall, he writes that, when the non-Catholic begins to question, and still more if he is assailed from without by controversialists, it is most natural for him to adhere to the religious views and practices in which he has been born. There is a certain natural chivalry prompting him to stand up for his own people, a certain tribal loyalty which strengthens as what he has inherited comes under attack. It must be remembered, too, that consideration of this great question is often distressingly bound up for the inquirer with grave financial considerations, involving not only himself, but his family. This makes it difficult to form an unprejudiced decision, and inclines the inquirer to stay where he is if he can find any reasonable argument for doing so.

Another convert from Anglicanism, T. W. Allies, once wrote that the argu-

ment for the primacy of Peter was so clear in Sacred Scripture that he could not imagine a candid mind drawing any other conclusion. He was then asked if these words did not condemn him for formerly failing to draw a conclusion from these texts. No, he answered, for his mind was at that time possessed by the Protestant dogma and contrary tradition of several centuries standing, that the Papacy was a corruption of Christianity and "such a belief makes the mind incapable of exercising candor. . . . Though Protestants profess to go by the Bible alone, probably not one Protestant in a million has ever attempted to judge dispassionately of what is said in Scripture to Peter and to the other apostles as to their power of governing the Church. It is already a ruled point in their minds."

To turn the Pope, in the popular mind, into Anti-Christ, to make the Papacy a corruption of primitive Christianity, this was the propaganda master-stroke of the reformers. They were not original in this effort, for they borrowed from the arsenal of Marsiglius of Padua, but they were more successful than the previous enemies of the Papacy. They have succeeded in transforming the shadow of Peter (Acts 5/15), which worked miracles of healing, into an emanation of the evil one. "The most effective argument of the reformers against the Church was that Rome was anti-Christ. It was Mr. Keble's idea that without this tenet the reformers would have found it impossible to make headway against the prestige, the imposing greatness, the establishment, the momentum of Catholicism. There was no medium. It (the Papacy) was either from God or the evil one." Thus wrote Cardinal Newman, in *Essays Critical and Historical*.

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Without this tenet, that the Pope is anti-Christ and the Papacy a corruption of the Church as it came from the hands of Christ, Protestantism is helpless, without root or justification, and forced to stand forth in all its ugly nakedness as insolent rebellion. It is rebellion against God by striking at the God-Man's vicar on earth.

This aversion to authority offers another clue as to why the eyes of many are held so that they do not see Peter as the shepherd of Christ's flock. Man, says Protestantism, is free, (although Luther denied free will in man.) In fact, Protestantism feeds man a steady and heady diet of freedom, forgetting that man is not free as against God. In relation to God man remains forever the dependent creature. If it has pleased God to provide for our salvation by setting up a Church in which some men are to teach others, our duty is to submit to God's will and plan in this matter.

But a man who is obsessed with this idea of his own freedom, and practically a stranger to the need for submitting to God's plan whether or not it clashes with his own ideas, such a man is hardly conditioned for a full and unbiased examination of the evidence for Christ's institution of the Papacy. He is in danger of consulting only his own inflated ego, and liable to dismiss the Papacy as "authoritarian" or "totalitarian" and "undemocratic." He fails completely to consider seriously whether or not it is of God. It is in this fashion, then, that the Protestant mind, or more accurately, the Protestant mood, exploits fallen man's aversion to authority to keep man from considering and submitting to the divinely founded Papacy.

Yet another reason for widespread failure to be impressed by the evi-

dences for the divine foundation of the Papacy is a sad lack of historical understanding amongst our people. The serious searcher looks at early Christianity and then at the present day Papacy. He does not see the exact latter in the former.

Of course he does not see the present, highly developed Papacy, such as we have before our eyes today; but it was there in rough outline and in germ, and by Christ's will, awaiting only the pressure of historical needs to bring it forth to its present development. Some complain naively that they cannot see in the primitive Church the present day Papacy "as if we ought to find in the primitive Church everything (meant by the Papacy) on a smaller scale — the Cardinalate, a Congregation of the Index, a Pontifical power as defined as ours. . . . But we do not find in an acorn tiny branches bedecked with tiny leaves, supported by a tiny trunk." (Sertillanges, *The Church*)

The present day Papacy is the legitimate and necessary development of the power promised and given to Peter by Christ. An illustration from our own history may help here. In the Constitution of the United States the President is the head of the executive branch of the national government, and he "may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." This is all that the Constitution says anywhere about any such body as a cabinet.

The highly developed cabinet of the American executive today is the product of evolution. The growth in importance of the cabinet officers, their prominence in the public eye, these have kept pace with the expansion of the Republic. The expansion of terri-

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tory and population and world importance of this Republic made it more and more necessary for the chief executive to portion out responsibility and entrust more and more the making of policy to the cabinet officers. But this development is a natural and legitimate development of the presidential office, for the Constitution did contemplate an executive who would have aids and would consult with them. In germ and outline the cabinet is there in the Constitution, and the rising sun of American importance brought out its present growth.

The evidences for Christ's institution of the Papacy are imposing and impressive. That many are not impressed is due to their failure or inability to consider these evidences.

But the Catholic must not become impatient if a man, after reading in the Gospel, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church," does not immediately take himself to the nearest Catholic rectory. For it is clear from the history of conversions that a short argument, or truth in a nutshell, does not ordinarily change a man's life-long habits of thinking and his acquired or inherited prejudices. Father C. E. Walworth, who came into the Church from an Episcopal seminary, reminds us that the obstacle or obex "which the Protestant mind presents to Catholic truth is something multitudinous, complex, over-refined. It is so commingled with their pious emotions, so closely webbed and interwoven with all their past thoughts and memories, that they mistake prejudice for rational conviction. Truth in a nutshell is not truth presented in a way in which they can appreciate it."

Just as it is unhistorical, as I complained above, and naive, showing no

grasp of reality, to look for the present day, highly developed Papacy in the first days of Christianity, so also, it is superficial, revealing little knowledge of how human beings behave, to expect "truth in a nutshell" to work immediate conversions. The process of conversion involves both a change of heart or will and an enlightening of the intellect. And of the two the former is the more difficult to achieve. It can be done only by God's grace. For no matter how impressive and compelling the evidence is, it cannot shine on minds and eyes that are not open to receive it.

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Industrial Bulletin

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TEEN-AGE PROBLEM

Donald F. Miller

Should Parents Take All a Teen-Ager's Earnings?

Problem: Some time ago you wrote an article stating that teen-agers should give some of their earnings to their parents, or give it all to them and accept an allowance. I can understand that parents have a right to some help from their children. But what about parents who demand all the money earned by their sons? I have been going with a girl for two years and would like to plan on getting married. I earn about sixty dollars a week, and my parents take every penny of it. The only money I get for myself is what I make by overtime, which never amounts to more than a couple of dollars a week. I am not yet twenty-one, so I cannot leave home. My father is working, and my parents do not need my money. Is it right for them to keep me from saving anything in preparation for marriage?

Solution: It is grossly unfair, and even unjust, for parents in a case like the above, to appropriate to themselves all the money earned by a son who is old enough to think of getting married. When we stated that teen-agers should share their earnings with their parents, or (if they want to do the most perfect thing) give all their earnings to their parents and accept an allowance from them, we had in mind high school boys and girls working at part time jobs to help their parents with the extra expense of their schooling.

However, a young man who has finished high school and taken a full time job, and who may rightly begin to think about marriage and a home of his own, has a definite right to the major part of his earnings so that he may save up for the financial requirements of establishing a home of his own. He still owes a part of his earnings to his parents, as long as he continues to live with them. But that should never be so much as to make it impossible for him to save any substantial amount for his own future obligations.

To those men in their late teens, or even their twenties, whose parents demand that they turn over all or even most of their earnings to them, we offer this advice: Explain the situation to your confessor. Tell him how much you make and how much your parents demand. Then ask your confessor to direct you as to how you can properly readjust this matter for the sake of your own future.

Warnings and Foretellings

Louis G. Miller

The great prophets of Scripture, who foretold the coming of the Redeemer, should be better known to all Catholics than they are.

IN THE year 586, B.C. the great city of Jerusalem lay almost deserted, its magnificent temple and other fine buildings gutted and destroyed. The armies of Nabuchodonosor, Babylonian potentate and conqueror of nations, had brought the Jews into subjugation. Yet, as he had done with other nations, Nabuchodonosor left them to rule themselves under puppet leaders of his choosing.

Finding the Jews, however, a people particularly proud and restive under the yoke, planning and plotting rebellion against him, at length Nabuchodonosor had resolved on drastic measures. Jerusalem, capital city and center of Jewish life, must be destroyed, and particularly its temple. The cream of the Jewish nation, its leaders and outstanding men, must be rounded up and driven off into exile, where they might learn under the lash what it meant to serve.

From above the ruined city and overlooking it as the exiles began their weary journey a lonely figure lingered

behind, weeping and mourning over the glory that once his eyes had seen.

Aleph. How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is the mistress of the gentiles become as a widow, the princess of provinces made tributary!

Beth. Weeping, she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her; all her friends have despised her and are become her enemies.

Ghimel. Juda hath removed her place because of her afflictions, and the greatness of her bondage: she hath dwelt among the nations and hath found no rest: all her persecutors have taken her in the midst of her straits . . .

Oh all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

Thus mourned the prophet Jeremiah 600 years before Christ. He had warned his people of what would transpire if they continued faithless to God. Now that the sentence was carried out, he must weep over their disgrace.

Over the same beloved city six centuries later another, infinitely greater than Jeremiah, of whom Jeremiah was the type and figure, also wept and mourned, knowing with His divine foreknowledge the punishment that would be meted out to His people for their rejection of grace.

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Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children as the hen doth gather her chicks under her wings, and thou wouldst not.

For the days shall come upon thee and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee and compass thee on every side and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation.

During Holy Week, when the Church fixes our attention on the Passion and death of our Saviour, she several times in her liturgy makes use of the plaints of Jeremias and of Christ. In the so-called *Tenebrae* service on the last three evenings of Holy Week, the Lamentations of the prophet are sung to an ancient melody which itself is redolent of sadness and mourning. The reason is, of course, that Jerusalem is a type of the human race and of every individual human soul (except Christ and Mary) in it. All of us, each in his own degree, have to some extent been faithless to God's grace; over all of us Christ weeps. *How often would I have gathered thee . . . and thou wouldst not!*

To meditate on the solemn warnings of the prophets prefiguring the sorrow of Christ Himself should certainly arouse sorrow and shame in our own hearts. To impart a little information about the prophets is the purpose of this article.

Indeed it is not the fault of the Church if the prophets are neglected. If you follow daily Mass in your missal, you will come across their names often enough. Notice for instance how often during Lent the Lesson of the Mass is taken from the Old Testament, and how often it is devoted to extracts from the prophets. Notice how, in the

graduale and smaller proper parts of the Mass, verses from the Psalms are prophetically concerned with the Redeemer. When we come to Holy Week, this note of prophecy is intensified, culminating in the Holy Saturday service, when 12 prophecies are read from the Old Testament, all bearing on the life or actions of Christ and His Church.

We use the word "prophet" often enough in our ordinary conversation. A "weather-prophet," for instance, designates very well for our ordinary purposes the man who on the basis of his scientific calculations, predicts rain or snow or sunshine.

But in Old Testament times the word "prophet" had a special meaning; the prophet was one who spoke in the name of God, and was God's interpreter. It was not necessarily about the future that the prophet was concerned; he did not spend all his time telling what was going to happen twenty years hence. According to Father Steinmueller, to whose *Commentary on the Old Testament* this article owes much, the teaching of the prophets fulfilled four purposes:

1. The prophets were the religious and moral teachers of the Jewish people, and the watchmen and guardians of their religion, centering around belief in one true God, and a Redeemer to come. The Jewish people had been chosen by God precisely for this purpose, to preserve the truth in the midst of the paganism and polytheism of the world around them. The prophets' task was to keep the truth before them, and to warn them of God's punishment when (as often happened) they deviated from it.

2. The prophets were the political advisors of the kings, and wrote the

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royal annals, as Isaías and Jeremias testified of themselves.

3. Theirs also was the obligation to cry out against the social evils of their times, e.g., the oppression of the poor, widows and orphans by the greedy practices of the rich. Vigorous, forthright and imaginative are the denunciations of such practices scattered through the prophets, and the sincere social reformer will find strong meat for his meditation in their words.

4. Then, of course, and this is perhaps what they are best known for, the prophets were sent to be heralds of the future destiny of their people, and especially of the future Messias and the messianic age.

Their prediction of precise details having to do with Christ and the Church is an outstanding proof of their own integrity and the divine inspiration with which they spoke. In some cases, having to do with events occurring in their own lifetimes, the prophets were able to appeal to the fulfillment of their prophecy as a proof of their authority.

In other cases, when they spoke of the Redeemer who was to come, we who are separated from them by centuries, can behold with amazement how they looked down the years by the power of God, and, as it seems, walked beside Christ during His life, observing His conduct and His ways. To us indeed the fact of prophecy represents one of the unassailable proofs of the divinity of the Christian religion.

Prophecy of course, in the wide sense as we have defined it, runs through the entire Bible, for, as St. Paul wrote to Timothy:

All scripture inspired of God is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice.

Abraham was the first person in the Old Testament actually to be called a

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Our metal tongues speak, proclaiming unto men that they do not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth from God.

Our chastening sound carries a reproach for sin and folly, selfishness of heart and the evils of human society.

We are what the hearts of men make us when they hear our message — memories, holy aspirations, a rejected summons to the better life, all the sacred associations of old friends and hallowed places.

We call the human race to the house of God, to the memory of the things it has forgotten, in the name of One who still pleads, "Come Unto Me."

We are church bells.

prophet, but it was with Moses that prophecy as a special charism or gift of God appeared as a stable institution among the chosen people.

What we actually refer to, however, as the prophetic books of the Old Testament were written by men who lived from the eighth to the fifth centuries before Christ. Of the group who during this period of four centuries (excepting one or two whose dates are unknown), four are known as "major prophets," from the length and special significance of their work. These are Isaías, Jeremias, Ezechiél and Daniel. There are in addition 12 other prophetic books by "minor prophets."

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It is interesting to note in regard to this group of chosen individuals that they sprang from all classes of society. Isaias was a nobleman, Jeremias was a priest, Amos was a shepherd, Abdias was, it seems, a servant. Interesting too is their method of prophesying — often of course by words, but often too by symbolic actions, which sometimes were very elaborate, as, for instance, in the twenty-seventh chapter of Jeremias, where the prophet at God's bidding puts a yoke around his neck to symbolize the defeat and capture of the Jewish people.

By common consent, the greatest of the prophets was Isaias. St. Jerome goes so far as to call him "an evangelist rather than a prophet, so clearly does he set out all the mysteries of the Church of Christ that one might fancy he was not foretelling the future as much as writing a history of the past." The book of Isaias is indeed sometimes called the fifth Gospel, because of its many passages descriptive of the future Messias.

Remember that Isaias wrote some eight centuries before Christ. As you read the chapters of his book, you find him warning the Jews, his people, of the punishment they must receive for their fickleness in serving the true God: punishment by exile from their native land. Then he speaks of their deliverance from exile through King Cyrus, whom he actually names 150 years before that potentate appeared on the human scene! But every now and then you find him lifting his vision from the immediate troubles of his people, far beyond even the following century to that distant day when a far greater deliverance of the Jews and of the whole world would take place through the coming of the Redeemer of the world.

Thus saith the Lord God: Tell the daughter of Sion: Behold thy Saviour cometh, behold His reward is with Him. Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozra? This beautiful one in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength? I that speak justice and am a defender to save.

Putting together details from all the prophets, one finds an amazingly complete picture of Christ. The following is by no means a comprehensive account, but notice how specific and graphic these instances are:

The Messias will be the son of Abraham (Genesis, Chapter 12), of the tribe of Juda (Genesis, 49), through the line of David (Isaias, 11), born of a virgin (Isaias, 7), in a town called Bethlehem (Michaeas, 5).

His coming will be preceded by universal peace (Daniel, 2), His way will be announced and prepared by a special envoy (Malachias, 3), whose voice shall come from the desert (Isaias, 40). He will be the saviour of the world (Isaias, 51). Son of God (Osee, 11), the Prince of Peace (Isaias, 9).

Kings from the east will come to adore Him (Isaias, 60), He will dwell for a time in Egypt (Osee, 11), and in Galilee (Isaias, 9), He will be poor (Psalm, 87), yet a king (Psalm, 2).

Referring to His passion and death: there will be no beauty in Him; He will be the most abject of men, a man of sorrows (Isaias, 53), a worm and no man, the reproach of men, the outcast of the people (Psalm, 21); He will be wounded in His hands (Zacharias, 13), His hands and feet will be dug, and over His vesture they will cast lots (Psalm, 21); He will be given vinegar to drink (Psalm, 68); after His death, He will rise again on the third day (Osee, 6).

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One can readily see from this small collection of prophecies relating to Christ why the fact of prophecy is a strong argument which Christ Himself appealed to in proof of His divinity and His right to teach. Such predictions, made centuries before Christ was born, and carried out to the letter in His person and career, could only have had their origin in God, who alone can read the future and give us insight into its development and shape.

Besides fulfilling the prophecies in His own person, Christ Himself prophesied in clear and unmistakable terms the supreme and culminating miracle of His own resurrection from the grave. He foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, an event which took place exactly as He had described it some forty years after His death. One prophecy He made remains to be fulfilled, that found in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, wherein He describes in awesome detail the events leading up to the end of the world and the judgment which will follow it.

But we have mentioned this only by way of rounding out the picture; our concern has been with the prophets of Old Testament times. These heroic men have, one fears, in our modern

speed-up of existence, fallen into a somewhat dusty oblivion.

Yet these were great men — among the greatest our human race has produced. They were, of course, inspired by God, which in itself merits our attention. But also many of them were literary geniuses in their natural talents. What they had to say had its special and immediate value for their own times, of course, but it remains practical and pertinent from our point of view as well.

Let them, therefore, be read, in the old traditional Douay version, or in the new translation of the Old Testament which the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has in hand, and which, we are told, will appear shortly, or in the version of Monsignor Knox, whose beautiful, flowing translation has the authorization of the bishops of England.

The Catholic who goes back to these rich mines, exploring them carefully and always, of course, submitting to the Church which has been appointed the guardian and interpreter of God's word, will find much to delight, much to nourish, much to strengthen his spirit in his efforts to reach out toward and to find His God.

Extras

A new barber had set up shop under a shade tree in Tarime, West Africa, and was asked by Father Schiavone, missionary from Waterbury, Conn.:

"How much do you charge for a haircut?"

"With or without?" asked the barber.

"With or without what?" asked the priest.

"With or without a part," explained the barber. "I charge twelve cents for cutting hair off, and three cents for parting what's left."

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The Lady in Brown

Francis A. Brunner

The story of the Lady in Brown demonstrates once again that not sin, but unrepented sin, is an obstacle to union with God. She is another proof — if proof is needed — that where sin has abounded, grace can still abound the more.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL once commented sagely: "An author should consider how largely the art of writing consists in knowing what to leave in the inkstand." What to leave unsaid. In poring over the strange disordered story of the Lady in Brown one is tempted to set the notes aside entirely. Much there is that is fascinating, but there is also much that is repellent, much that is difficult.

A farmer's daughter was the Lady in Brown, born in 1247 at Laviano in Tuscany. At her baptism her parents called her Pearl, — Margherita. Her mother died when Margherita was but seven, and two years later her sire married a second wife. The one word "stepmother," which had its sinister significance long before the Greek tragic poet Aeschylus labeled a certain

dangerous reef "the stepmother of ships," will perhaps convey all that we need know of the relations of Margherita to this woman who ruled her husband as well as the farm-house. Whether it was the lack of a mother or the possession of a stepmother which caused Margherita to stray, we hardly need inquire. Certain it is that she made shipwreck of her life.

Margherita was a vibrant, high-spirited girl, one of those for whom to be loved is the imperative of their lives. They seek for something outside themselves, affection and interest for which their hearts seem to cry. Margherita was of this sort. She needed love, and in her home this was not to be found. Besides, she was a lovely girl, a girl thought very beautiful even in that Umbrian country where many are beautiful. And her beauty of feature was matched by a vivacity of wit. There was a bloom in her cheeks and gaiety in her heart. Nor was she then the Lady in Brown, for she sought to add to her attraction by whatever brightly colored clothing she could obtain. Margherita soon learnt that men took notice of her, sought to win her favor. Peasant though she was, she enchanted the village dandies and even the manor lords.

The tempter came in the form of a gay cavaliero from the neighboring lands of Montepulciano. Dazzled by the vision of a life in which love and admiration would be hers, she yielded to his advances. And so one night she fled with her lover to his house in the hills. And with him she lived seven years in defiance of law and convention. He gave her everything she could ask — everything, that is, except the right to call herself his wife. She lived openly as his mistress and caused, no doubt, a great deal of whispering. The

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women sniffed, the men ogled, when she rode through the streets of Montepulciano on her splendid horse.

But hers was not a completely willing immolation. For she was not the abandoned woman some biographers would have us believe. Her own autobiographical notes record the words very simply: against her will. Her lover promised her gaiety, the gaiety she was fond of; and she found it in her new surroundings. But he also promised her marriage, and yet, even after a son was born, that promise was left unfulfilled. Some lovers gain each other; but Margherita just lost herself. Her happiness was insecure.

Even the sinful shadows of those years, however, were flittingly lighted. Always she was compassionate toward the poor. And she liked to seek out some quiet nook where she might sit and dream — dream of a life of virtue! And pray.

Then one day came the break of her life, suddenly and without warning. Led by the whimperings of a favorite hound, she went to a nearby woods and there came upon the half-buried body of her lover, done to death, it would seem, by assassins. As she viewed the decaying corpse, she saw suddenly the iniquity of their outlawed love. And her characteristic impulsiveness asserted itself once again. The energy of her pride passed now into her repentance. Accusing herself of being the cause of his sin, she turned impetuously to that other Lover who would never forsake her. Her break with the past was immediate, total, irrevocable. Everything is possible to God, even saving an eager idiot like herself. To Him, then, she gave herself, never to turn away.

Margherita returned to Montepulciano, laid aside her fine raiment,

packed up some old rags, and taking her child by the hand plodded off to her father's house to ask forgiveness and admittance. To the servant who wished her "Addio, Signora", she replied brokenly, "Ah, not signora! Sinner is the only name my scandalous life deserves." Such was the thought that was ever uppermost in her mind. Margherita, the kept woman, who had brought into the world a child of sin. Margherita the sinner — but God's.

Back at the poor little peasant home of her childhood, she knocked timidly at the door, only to meet with a storm of indignation from a father deeply conscious of the infamy his daughter had brought on the family. His anger, however, gave way before her tears and he threw open the door. But he had reckoned without his wife. "If that shameless hussy sets foot in this house, I leave it." And the door was slammed in Margherita's face. The righteous house of Laviano had no room for such as her.

That was a moment of deepest dejection. Margherita stood in the street, homeless, condemned by her own, an outcast. What should she do now? She had not only herself to look out for; there was also the child at her side. As she stood looking out over the countryside, her eyes wandered up the ridge on which stood Montepulciano. There was the world that had been hers. Why not go back? Why not return to the castle where her life had been placid? Could she not live there again in peace, doing penance in the quiet of her own room, giving alms to the poor? Yea, wherever she went, her beauty, her charms would win her worshippers.

Happily for her, and for many who have come after her, Margherita resisted the temptation to find ease and

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help amid old surroundings where temptation lurked in every reminiscent corner. "I have put you as a burning light," our Lord said to her later, "to enlighten those who sit in darkness." She made up her mind. She shook herself and, with her bundle under her arm and dragging her boy at her heel, began to trudge down the road to Cortona. There, she knew, was a Franciscan friary built by the famous Brother Elias. To these holy brothers she would go; they would have pity on her and find her shelter.

She was not mistaken. The friars of Cortona did take pity on her. And two ladies of the town, the Moscaris, mother and daughter-in-law, divined her trouble and befriended her the day she arrived by the Bararda gate, taking her and her boy into their home. This was in the year 1274, when she was twenty-seven.

Things did not go off easily, however. You don't trust a woman who lived the life she lived. Even when she asks to don the garb of penitence. Despite a quickly averted look, the superior of the Celle just outside Cortona had recognized in her face a charm and beauty which tears made all the more attractive. "My daughter," he had said, "you're too young and too pretty". No, when you are young and beautiful and — notorious, you have to wait. And so the Franciscan fathers kept her on trial for three long years. Although, from the very first days of her stay with the Moscaris women, Margherita had declared systematic war on her body, they did not believe that so beautiful a creature could keep this up for long. That flesh of hers, deprived of food, tortured by the lash and the hair-cloth, to which Margherita kept saying, "You conquered me, now I'll conquer you," did not undermine

their mistrust, at least not for some time. It was not till two or three years after she first made application that she at last really became the Lady in Brown.

Fra Rinaldo of Castiglione gave her the garb of the Third Order of St. Francis and Fra Giunta Bevegnati became her ordinary confessor. It is to Fra Giunta we owe the story of her life, which he finished in 1308, some ten years after Margherita's death. It is a fascinating story. When we disentangle the essential narrative from the prolixities which overburden it, we have a record throbbing with life. Very often, it is true, the cultivated voice of good Fra Giunta covers over and muddles the other voice, direct and earthy, of the penitent peasant who spoke to God and Mary and the court of heaven. But through it all we see the real Margherita, holding sweet colloquies with her new-found lover, our Divine Lord.

At the outset our sympathy is won to this heroic soul by the naive revelation of the weakness of her character even in the midst of great strength. Margherita the saint is ever very much Margherita the woman, the woman who needs affection, the woman who wants to be loved. There is something of the spoilt child in her longing for spiritual favors. She is so easily elated by Christ's presence, so easily depressed when He withdraws. More than once did our Lord have to rebuke her. "Margherita", he would say to her, "you seek to have heaven even here on earth."

The revelations began in 1277, about the time she became a Franciscan tertiary. The very idea that such a woman should be the recipient of such extraordinary favors may come as a surprise to those who do not reckon on God's

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wondrous pity. At the age of seventeen a loose and wanton woman. At twenty-seven changed almost immediately into a saint. When she walked into Cortona she was already wholly in love with God. And God repaid her love. Angels ministered to her; the mother of Christ conversed with her; and the well-beloved Himself came again and again to manifest his affection for her. She was treated as the spoilt child of heaven even before she had entered within its gates.

Temptations, of course, were still there; even to the end, or almost to the end, she felt their presence. But she was conscious now of a new strength in the recognition of a love little known to the world at large — the love of Christ for the soul He had saved. In that very year 1277, while kneeling before a crucifix in the church of the Minorites, she heard our Lord for the first time. "What do you want, my little pauper?" Margherita replied at once, simply, "Nothing — I want only You." As time went on she got to know the value of temptation as a factor in building up the spiritual life.

But the contemplative was only one side of her life. Along with that love of solitude which already manifested itself at Montepulciano, there was that other tendency which had pulled at her heart-strings even when she was still a worldly wanton, that compassion for the wretched and suffering which became an absorbing element of her new life. In order not to be a burden to those who had befriended her, Margherita worked with young mothers in their confinement, caring for them and their children. Gradually her work for the poor spread in every direction. Whatever strength her penitence left

her, she gave to them. At the home of a rich friend named Diabella she founded a hospital which in 1286 became known as Our Lady of Mercy — the *Spedali di Santa Maria della Misericordia*. The nursing sisters who helped her in this work were called *Poverelle* — The Little Poor Ladies. The confraternity which she founded, doubtless associated with the Third Order, joined her in aiding the poor prisoners whom the town would have let starve if the faithful had not fed them. These associates of our Lady of Mercy anticipated by some centuries the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Sisters of Charity. Thus Margherita repaid the city which had adopted the outcast.

If her treatment of her son seems cold and cruel, if her penitence was at times sensational and outlandish, and if, as Fra Giunta's *Legend* indicates, she at times appears to have trembled on the verge of insanity, she was nevertheless one of the great saints. Hers was a selfless life. Now with Martha, now with Mary, she served Christ our Lord and those with whom he identifies himself, the poor and naked and hungry and imprisoned. Twenty years of religious life, twenty extraordinary years, twenty full years, prayerful, penitential, charitable. Such was the Lady in Brown.

On February 22, 1297, just before daybreak, she passed quietly away, a woman of fifty. It was twenty-three years since the Cortonese had taken her for their own. From her cell on Mount Sant-Egidio, St. Margaret of Cortona had gone away, to take her place in the eternal procession of those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

Biblical Problem

Edward Mangan

Prophecy and Prophets

Question: I know that there are a number of prophetic books in the Old Testament, but what is the reason for the distinction I sometimes hear made between the "major" and "minor" prophets?

Answer: These terms apply only to those prophets of Israel who left writings in their own name, whether they wrote personally or by the hand of a secretary. Actually, besides the prophets who wrote books of prophecy, there were many other men who qualified as prophets in Israel's history. Many of them were great and influential characters, such as Elias and Eliseus, Nathan and Gad.

There are sixteen prophets listed who are known as the writing prophets. Baruch should be added to these, since he actually wrote a book and was a real prophet, even though he lived under the shadow of the great Jeremiaš.

The terms "major" and "minor" are applied only to the prophets who set down their prophecies in the form of books which have come down to us. Therefore the terms imply no judgment as to their importance in relation to such men as Elias and Eliseus who did not write.

There are four "major" prophets, namely, Isaias, Jeremias, Ezechiel and Daniel. All of them left books under their own names, and their books are extensive (in general, about as long as the gospel according to St. Matthew.) Their works contain very important prophecies especially in regard to the coming Messias. Because of the length of their work, as well as because of the great importance of their inspired writings, these four traditionally have been designated as "major" prophets, a designation commonly and universally agreed upon.

Twelve other writing prophets are listed, and they are called "minor", although there is far from being any derogation implied in the term. These "minor" prophets are: Osee, Joel, Amos, Abdias, Micheas, Nahum, Habacuc, Sophonias, Aggeus, Zacharias and Malachias. To these the name of Baruch should be added. He was secretary to Jeremias, but was an author and prophet in his own right.

On Giving Up Cigarette—Smoking

ERNEST F. MILLER

WHAT HAPPENS to you when suddenly you give up the smoking of cigarettes?

Not being a chemist, a clairvoyant, or a fluoroscope, I cannot tell you the physical or physiological changes that take place in your lungs and liver and other organs with which the smoke may have come in contact.

But I can tell you that you go through an experience in the same category, if not of the same intensity, as that of Dante being taken through the nether regions by Beatrice.

Of course, it depends a great deal on just how heavy a cigarette-smoker you are. If you are one of those off-again, on-again individuals, a man or woman who dips into a pack four or five times a day and then refuses to inhale the bit of smoke that escapes into the mouth, you won't have much trouble in breaking the habit whenever you want to. The fear you have of getting sick from smoking will take away all desire to smoke too much or even to smoke at all.

But if you are a heavy smoker — and by that I mean, not exactly a chain smoker, but the next thing to it — the person who in the course of a morning's work beholds the ash tray (and a big ash tray at that) pile up higher

and higher with discarded butts until it overflows and begins to claim the desk and the floor for added space; if you are the one who in every idle moment, at the first toll of every minor or major difficulty, no matter where you are, in a sisters' convent or in a strange rectory, in public or in private, must have a cigarette — then I say, look out. If you give up the habit, you are going to bring down the thunder upon your head; you are going to begin the dark night of the soul such as you have never experienced before.

I don't mean that the pain you bring upon yourself is akin to the pain of death or to any of the other major pains with which a man's body can be afflicted before he dies. In fact, giving up cigarette-smoking does not cause any precise pain at all. You can't put your hand on your head or your hip, on your foot or your face and say, "It hurts here." It doesn't hurt there. And yet there is a distinct discomfort, a protest, as it were, in all those places at the same time.

Your skin seems to tighten up the way your mouth does after eating an unripe persimmon. The mirror doesn't show any such parchment-like surface on your face; but the feeling is there nevertheless. It is particularly noticeable in your eyes. They feel as though they were being drawn out of their sockets and squeezed dry in the pro-

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cess of all the juices whereby normally they are lubricated and made to move easily on their axis. This tautness in your skin and eyes makes itself most strongly felt in your head. It isn't exactly a headache; rather it is a gentle yet constant contraction of the scalp particularly in the area of the forehead. It is the kind of contraction that makes you want to get your fingers on the affected area and give it a good massaging.

It is a strange thing that drawing in smoke and letting it out should reach so far. What has a cigarette between the lips and dangling loosely got to do with the top of the skull and the balls of the eyes? If one ate the cigarette, one could see the connection. But one doesn't eat the cigarette. One only smokes it. I do not know the answer to the question. All I know is what happens when you do a great deal of that drawing in and letting out of smoke, and then all of a sudden without preparation and almost without warning you draw in and you let out smoke no more.

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For the Fun of It

The New York World Telegram presented the following lines under the caption: "Senseless Test."

Three patrolmen in Albany drank various quantities of liquor and then took perception and co-ordination tests to see if they were fit to drive an automobile. Of course they were not.

Such tests are as useless as dropping an egg out of a third-story window to see if it will break.

The driver who takes "one for the road," may end up with a cop for a chaser.

The effect of this Spartan and heroic, and I might say, precipitous prohibition is to make great sport of the mind. The mind, as all of you know full well, very often conditions the body. If the mind is sound, it can permit the body to suffer the gravest of disaffections without loss of peace or recollection. We have witnessed the truth of this statement in many a case of sickness bravely borne until the very end.

It is different, however, when the mind itself is attacked. Then the very machinery set up for the acquisition and retention of tranquillity is put out of order. And this is what happens when you give up smoking. Your mind seems to be at a loss to appraise the new condition in which you find yourself. That which was created for the contemplation of beauty and truth now finds itself concerned with so crass and material a thing as cigarettes. It is forever thinking about cigarettes either consciously or subconsciously. Individuals have been met who could sense the presence of a visitor in the room even though they did not see the visitor enter. The proximity of the visitor hung over them like a cloud. So does the idea of the cigarette hang over the mind like a cloud. It can't be shaken off. It keeps coming back. No matter how hard the mind tries to distract itself, it succeeds only for a short time. Back again intrudes itself the cigarette.

This is embarrassing. It is particularly embarrassing when one is lost in a train of thought that is infinitely removed from the province of smoke of any kind, as, for example, the working out of problems in the higher realms of mathematics, or the painting of a picture of a sinking sun that is to hang in the Metropolitan, or the composing of a symphony for full orchestra and

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dancing girls. It is almost a sacrilege for a cigarette to worm its way into the mind at a time like that. Yet, it will do just that if you acquired the habit of cigarette-smoking and now are trying to break it.

After the body and the mind, I suppose it is the will that carries the brunt of the counterattack that is made by the smoking habit so recently dislodged from its well-established position within the human system.

We associate the will with desire. It is the will that leads us to good things, even to evil things that appear to us at the moment as good things. Smoking is such a thing; it is evil insofar as it is most difficult to control and insofar as it can hurt a person if it is not kept under control. But there is a certain fascination to it that makes it seem like a good; there is a certain satisfaction in it that hides completely the evil hidden behind its innocent facade and the fabulous advertisements that support it.

The will is taken in, as it were. It reaches out for a cigarette. When refused, it reaches out again; it keeps reaching out, until the whole of the reformed smoker is leaping out of himself to grab hold of something that he wants more than anything else in the world but that he has freely given up and therefore cannot have. The everlasting desire! The unquenched thirst! Can there be any greater pain than this, or rather, can any purely physical pain be more agonizing than this?

The trouble with giving up smoking lies in the fact that while it puts an end to one evil, it produces at the same time another evil which in the long run can cause greater disaster than the inhalation of clouds of smoke. I refer to the appetite.

It may be no more than a complex that some people have concerning the

relationship between smoking and eating. They maintain that smoking cuts down the appetite, just as a large number of men and women maintain that drinking coffee before going to bed will keep them awake for many hours during the night. It is possible that there may be more to it than a complex. There was an article in one of the newspapers some months ago relating that girls anxious to keep their figures slender and sylphlike smoked a cigarette just before each meal. Supposedly that took the edge off their desire to eat; and so they avoided the horrible calamity of extra poundage.

Whatever the scientific explanation of the relationship between smoking and eating, I know this for certain, and you can count on it. Not long after you have tossed away your last package of cigarettes, there shall arise in you such an appetite as you never had before. While you smoked, you could eat with a certain amount of relish. Cigarettes did not take away the tastiness of food. You could do your bit when the roast beef came out or the pork chops with gravy. But all that is changed now. Pork chops loom up on your horizon as something invented by the angels to give you a foretaste of heaven. A juicy steak becomes an object of incalculable worth, well deserving of the finest attention that a man can give to it. Even such innocent things as bread and butter assume a value that they never seemed to have before.

In fact, the giver-up of smoking begins to feel ashamed of himself when he dines out. He simply cannot get enough to eat. The host may be inclined to wonder what happened to him, whether or not he has acquired a *bandwurm*, as the Germans call it, or some other mysterious malady that

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prevents him from ever getting completely satisfied.

I have known men who gave up cigarette smoking and who in the space of a few months afterwards put on twenty, thirty, forty pounds. They were not small men to start with. Imagine their size after such an addition.

The question is — which danger is the greater, that which comes from covering your lungs with the tars and other poisons bound up in smoke, or that which comes from allowing yourself to take on too much weight which is the result of too sharp an appetite? Doctors have always warned against over-weight. Only recently have they been broadcasting special warnings against smoking. If smoking so controls your appetite as to enable you to stay at a reasonable weight, is it better to smoke and thereby protect your heart, or not to smoke and thereby protect your lungs?

This article is not being written for the purpose of proposing moral problems in regard to smoking and then providing answers. This article is concerned primarily with the effects that grow out of giving up smoking. And we have not come to the end of those effects yet.

After a month or so of not taking smoke into your mouth and lungs, you begin to lose the taste of tobacco which had clung to your throat and mouth at all times while you were indulging. You can wake up in the morning without that dark brown taste on your tongue to make getting up more difficult than otherwise it would be. Your system is shaking off the layer upon layer of nicotine, the way a floor in an old house shakes off a dozen coats of varnish when the painter decides to get down to the original wood. These layers do not leave without protest.

Whenever you are in a room where people are smoking, the layers grab a hold on you once more. Only time and only persistent abstinence can pry them loose. Once they are loose, the battle is pretty well won.

That does not mean that you are never going to want to smoke. I have known men who still craved a cigarette two years after they had given up cigarettes. Of course the craving was mild and soon passed away. But it was there. And probably it will remain as long as life lasts. Some of the nicotine, some of that smoke got down into corners of the body that fifty years will not be long enough to dislodge.

Until that time arrives when the craving is only a mild suggestion that a cigarette be indulged in, there is going to be difficulty. One of the greatest intangible difficulties is the peculiar atmosphere that time itself takes on. While you were smoking you did not pay much attention to the passage of time, or to time in the future. Now, the future seems far, far away. And there seems to be no fun bound up with the future. Even the period that constitutes one day seems to comprise a great deal of hours. You wonder whether you will last out the day. And as to the future, that is, next week, next month, next year — all that without a smoke, well, it seems nigh impossible. Time to the non-smoker (the convert non-smoker) is entirely different from time to the smoker or to the one who has never smoked at all.

However, you must not be given the impression that all the effects of giving up smoking are bad effects. There are many good effects. In fact most of the effects are good.

No longer are you troubled with that cough deep down in your throat and

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chest. If you kept cigarettes on a table alongside your bed so that you would have a smoke handy if you woke up during the night and so that surely you would not have to reach very far for a smoke the moment the alarm went off in the morning, you were the person who was always coughing just a little bit. It was as though you had an everlasting catch in your throat. It made you wonder sometimes whether you were getting T.B.

The first week or so after you stopped smoking, the cough persisted. In fact it got somewhat worse. The throat craved so strongly for nicotine that when it did not get it, it acted like a spoiled child. It curled up, flattened out, stiffened, rebelled and did all kinds of other things that refused you a moment's rest. You were coughing and hacking and choking as though it were worse for your throat to go without cigarettes than it was for it to go with them. Even during the night you were bothered. You could not sleep too well. You woke up many times. Your throat would be tickling you. You would take a drink of water and try to get back to sleep.

However, after a month or so of adamant will-power in refusing all invitations handed out by your old habit to go back to your favorite brand, your cough begins to disappear. Your throat clears up. You feel a hundred times better. You wonder why you punished yourself so severely by hanging onto a practice that only caused you distress.

You feel particularly good because you proved to yourself that you have the authority and the power to make your senses and your appetites do what your mind and your faith tell you is

good for them. You often wondered whether you could really break the habit even though you frequently told your friends that you could do it in a minute if you really wanted to. But you have proved it to yourself. You feel like throwing out your chest and showing the world at large the spiritual and moral muscles with which your soul is bound and stapled.

Should you give up smoking only because it is dangerous to your health and because you feel much better without cigarettes than you do with cigarettes?

That is a sufficient motive all right.

But for the Christian there should be a higher motive. That higher motive is the determination not to give in to oneself in such things as serve only the pleasure and the vanity of self, that accomplish absolutely no good and that can prevent a man from getting rid of his purgatory before he dies. If I give up smoking, I want to give it up for God's sake and not for my own. I want to give it up because God says that it is a good idea to do as much penance as reason will allow while life on earth lasts so as to have very little penance to do when life on earth is over. I surely don't want to give up smoking merely because I read an article in the *Reader's Digest*, and now I'm afraid. That's good enough for the pagans; it is surely not good enough for Christians.

Don't you think that it would be a good idea to give up smoking at least for the duration of Lent? Try it. And each night before you go to bed, record in a book the physical and psychological reactions that result from your battle with old die-hard nicotine.

Pre-Marriage CLINIC

Donald F. Miller

Past Sins of the Engaged

Problem: In the past year or two you have written two different articles about the question of whether engaged persons should reveal their past sins to their partners. They seem to be contradictory. In the first one (May, 1952) you say that ordinarily a girl should not reveal her past sins to her fiancé. In the second (August, 1953) you state that a man is bound to reveal to the girl he wants to marry, the fact that he was married outside the Church in the past. Why this difference of treatment for the man and the woman?

Solution: The difference is due to the fact that two different cases are presented, and the answers given have nothing to do with the sex of the person involved.

In the first case, the question involved past sins of impurity that have been properly confessed and forgiven by God. The general principle was laid down that ordinarily it is best not to make a general confession of one's past sins to the person one is about to marry. This holds both for men and for women. We did not say that it is wrong to make such a confession to each other; we merely stated that it is best not to.

In the second case (that of a hitherto concealed previous attempted marriage) we were dealing not merely with occult and personal sins, but with a public act that may have an important bearing on a person's freedom to marry and on the validity of any later attempted marriage. Not only engaged men but also engaged women have an obligation to speak to their partners about previous marriages or attempts at marriage in order to be able to give them absolute assurance of their freedom to marry. Widows and widowers would not be thus bound because there is no doubt about their freedom to marry; but ordinarily it would not be wise for even these to conceal the fact of their previous marriages.

It is because of the necessity of making sure that no previous valid marriage stands in the way of a proposed marriage that the Catholic Church insists on the publication of banns before every Catholic marriage. The idea is that if anybody hearing the banns published knows that one of the persons is already validly married, he must step forth and reveal what he knows.



readers retort

In which readers are invited to express their minds on articles and opinions published in *The Liguorian*. Letters must be signed and full address of the writer must be given, though city and name will be withheld from publication on request.

Los Angeles, Calif.

"The manner of living and methods of doing things are most likely to be the real reasons for discrimination than religious beliefs and racial lines.

W. R. S."

It has been our experience that some people discriminate against other people no matter what the manner of living or the method of doing things. There are colored people who are far better educated than their white neighbors, who can do things better and who lead just as moral if not more moral lives. Yet, some of these white neighbors will have nothing to do with them. It is not the way in which these colored people do things or the manner of their living that causes the discrimination but simply the color of their skin. It is true that a manner of living and a method of doing things can be a cause of discrimination. But it is by no means the only cause. Prejudice is the greatest cause.

Houston, Texas

"Several months ago, upon my brother's request, I received my first copy of *THE LIGUORIAN*. I want to tell you how much all of us here enjoy reading your magazine. After reading it from cover to cover, we send it to the negro hospital here in Houston. May God's blessing continue to be upon your wonderful work.

Sr. J. F."

And may God's blessing be upon Sister for her work of Catholic Action in spread-

ing Catholic literature amongst those who otherwise might never hear a word about the religion founded by Our Lord. We advise all our readers to use their LIGUORIANS wisely after they have finished reading them. To drop them on a table in a public place or to leave them on the seat in a train or a bus are ways of sharing the magazine with others. To give them to neighbors and friends is another way.

New York, N Y.

"I want to know if there is any dispensation for using birth control; and I do not mean rhythm. I am sickly, and the doctors told me that I should not have any more children. I have been married five years. Each year out of the five I have been pregnant. Two children are living. One of the births was caesarean. My priest won't listen to any talk of birth control. When I went to the doctor that he suggested, he, the doctor, 'bawled me out' for even thinking of birth control. It costs hundreds of dollars to have a baby. I can't afford that kind of money. Besides, I think it wise to retain my health so that I can raise the children that I have and give them a good education.

Mrs. R. S."

There can be no dispensation to practice birth control because birth control is against the direct command of God and against the natural law. No priest, no pope, no angel or archangel can give a dispensation. God said in the Bible that

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no one who persists in practicing impurity will enter the kingdom of heaven. Birth control is impurity. It is a misuse of the sex faculty. Impurity is defined in theology as any misuse of the sex faculty. Mrs. R. S. seems to consider the education of her two children more important than the salvation of her own and her husband's soul. God does not ask the impossible. If He did, He would not be God. If Mrs. R. S. and her husband use the sacraments regularly (every week), if they trust in God and if they follow faithfully the advice of their confessor, they cannot and will not lose out in the end. God takes care of His own.

Baltimore, Md.

"I have been taking THE LIGUORIAN for five years. Of all the magazines I ever read, I never came across a better one than yours. I am a convert. In the December issue you had an article entitled 'The Importance of Jobs.' You have written well on the subject. Allow me to add my point of view. I am employed by a railroad. My salary is \$393.80. Out of this salary comes my security for the future. I am paying dearly for that security. Here is the list: Income Tax, per month, \$66.90; Railroad Retirement Tax, \$18.75; Brotherhood of R. R. Trainmen, \$19.98; Blue Cross, \$4.00; Railroad Relief, \$3.10; Railroad Pension, \$3.75; Other Life Insurance, \$10.05. Total, \$126.53. This is quite a price for security. But I am willing to pay as long as I have a job. However, I am ashamed of myself for not being able to give more to the Church.

W.A.M."

All that God asks of a man in regard to the debt owed to the Church is that he do the best he can according to his means. If he has much, he must give much; if he has little, he should give little; if he has nothing, he need give nothing. Security in old age is vitally necessary. It is better that a man pay for that security out of the money that he earns than to become an object of

charity either to his family or to the state when old age comes upon him and he can work no longer. It may seem like a lot of money out of the pay check each month; but it is money in the bank, money well spent.

Milwaukee, Wis.

"THE LIGUORIAN should carry more articles on home and family life, on the kindness that should be shown to husbands by wives and to wives by husbands, on the disgrace of husbands running around with other men's wives and of wives running around with other women's husbands, on the necessity of both husbands and wives spending more time in church and less time in taverns, on people whose every other word is a swear word and who will call themselves Christians nevertheless. And you should write something on the proverb, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' I like THE LIGUORIAN and am inclosing five dollars for two gift subscriptions.

Mrs. K.J."

We labor under the impression that THE LIGUORIAN has been carrying articles on the subjects suggested in this letter. There are some who say that THE LIGUORIAN spends too much space in their discussion. Be that as it may, articles will continue to come forth, pointing out to married people the sins that can destroy their marriage.

Chicago, Ill.

"I am inclosing a check for subscriptions to THE LIGUORIAN for three men with whom I work. These three men call themselves 'born again Christians.' Believe me, when they join together to attack the Faith, it becomes trying for me. When one comes at me at a time, I can handle him. But all together—I have my troubles. The November issue of THE LIGUORIAN was dedicated to the Poor Souls—the existence of purgatory and so forth. I use the Bible, of course, in my refutation of the charges hurled

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against the Church and her teaching on purgatory. But their Bible is minus the book of Machabees. So, I find THE LIGUORIAN a real inspiration to continue the good fight with solid argument and irrefutable facts. I hope that these men won't hate me for sending them your solid publication.

J.R.N."

It is difficult to show a man that he is wrong in his religious beliefs if he clings to the principle of private interpretation of the Bible. By the very fact that his interpretation is private, by which is meant, the setting up of his own mind as the last court of appeal concerning the truth or untruth of a particular text in the Bible, very little common ground for argument can be found. He can shift his interpretation just as he can shift and change his mind. However, this difficulty should not prevent us from putting forth every effort to help such a man. Study, prayer, patience all help. We hope that THE LIGUORIAN will help too.

Long Island, N. Y.

"Why do you say that unless a couple is married by a priest the marriage is invalid? I should think that ministers of other religions are just as well qualified for the job. If God is in the heart, that is all that matters, whether marriage takes place before a minister or a judge. The Protestant religion never interferes with regard to what its adult flock does. The Protestant Church realizes that people are free to choose their own happiness. God is very compassionate. He never laid down hard and fast rules. All religions are alike to Him. It is how people live their lives that is important. One thing more. I do not believe that marriage is solely for procreation. That question should be left entirely to the woman because she is the one who has to go through the suffering. Do not try to convince me differently as I am broadminded.

E.D.O."

We say that a marriage between two Catholics or between a Catholic and a

non-Catholic is invalid unless it be solemnized before a priest and two witnesses because marriage is a sacrament, and the Church was put in charge of the administration of the sacraments by Jesus Christ. A marriage between two Protestants is valid even though it is solemnized before a minister or a judge. Our correspondent cannot mean what she says when she maintains that 'God never laid down hard and fast rules.' The ten commandments are pretty hard and fast. So is the rule commanding us to obey the Church. 'He who hears you, hears me; and he who despises you, despises Me.' The Bible is full of commands and prohibitions. To say that all religions are alike to God is to make God less wise than Mrs. E.D.O. She would not consider herself wise if she contradicted herself every-time she spoke. Yet, she would have God contradict Himself by saying that all religions are true even though what one religion teaches is the very opposite of what another religion teaches. It is a strange mentality that disallows God any 'say' in the great function that He Himself created, namely, the procreation of children, and turns over all authority in regard to the method of its use to a woman. The truth of the matter is that God has retained a very strong hold on the use of marriage. He has said over and over again in the Bible that the misuse of sex is seriously wrong. Being 'broadminded' will not and cannot change this. Broadminded or not, it is still and always will be a sin to misuse sex.

Omaha, Nebr.

"No criticisms, no problems — I just want to let you know that I have read every issue of THE LIGUORIAN for five or six years, and am looking forward to reading a lot more of them. The only way you could improve the magazine is by making it longer. God bless you for all the help and pleasure you have given to your readers.

T. C."

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Baton Rouge, La.

"In your article 'The N.A.M. and the Clergy' you made the following statement, and I quote, 'Among experts on social-economic matters and close students of Catholic social doctrine, there are those who hold that the capitalistic system as it has developed in the United States is so involved and bogged down in injustice that there is no solution except to throw out the whole system and start over again with something else.' This statement has aroused my curiosity, especially as to the nature of the 'something else.' How about a follow-up article in which you name these 'experts' and 'students' and briefly outline their 'something else' system or systems. If such an article is not to follow how about a list of the writings of these experts and students. In the above-mentioned article I am of the opinion you leaned over backwards so far that you fell down and broke your logic. However I still regard THE LIGUORIAN as the best in Catholic literature.

R. E. I."

There is nothing secret or sinister about the fact that certain Catholic scholars have long viewed capitalism, in its present mode of operation, as not the answer to the requirements of social justice. Chesterton and Belloc began a campaign for something better some years ago, and two of the best books on the subject to date are Belloc's "Servile State" and "Redistribution of Profits."

The editors

Forest Hills, N. Y.

"We have been receiving your magazine for some months now and enjoy it very much. I entered the Catholic Church only two years ago and received my instructions from Father Daly at Columbia University. It was so interesting to hear talks on the Catholic religion and so helpful to be able to ask questions that bothered me. Since I was baptized, however, I find many ques-

tions coming up in my own mind and questions that others ask me, and there is no one to whom I can conveniently turn for a clear and accurate answer. This is one reason why I enjoy THE LIGUORIAN; it often seems to anticipate these questions that bother so many people and gives clear explanations.

Mrs. H. E. B."

Wichita, Kans.

"I have a request to make, but first I want to tell you how much I enjoy THE LIGUORIAN. I was a convert to the faith fifteen years ago and it seems that I still cannot learn enough about it. This is what makes THE LIGUORIAN so valuable to me. Every issue answers more of my questions. Several months ago you carried an article on invalid marriages. I have given that copy away, but would like to know whether I am right on one point I seem to have read in that article, viz., that a marriage contracted by a person under fifteen years of age is invalid in the eyes of the Church and can be declared null.

Mrs. J. D."

A marriage attempted by a boy under sixteen years of age would be invalid in the eyes of the Catholic Church, and one attempted by a girl under fourteen years of age would be invalid. The article referred to here concerning invalid marriages is now in five-cent pamphlet form and is entitled, "Can the Catholic Church Annul Any Marriages?" Stamps, including two cents for postage, should be sent if single copies are ordered. Postage is paid and discounts are given for orders of a dollar or over.

The editors

Lake Mills, Wisc.

"The thing I like most about THE LIGUORIAN is your straightforwardness in dealing with all questions. There is no pussyfooting to spare the feelings of those who do not like to have their faults pointed out. Please keep it up.

Why Deny Yourself?

John P. Schaefer

The word "mortification" is only a half-truth. For its literal meaning is that of putting something or someone to death. In this sense it is a cruel, fatalistic, pagan word. But this is not the full, the real meaning of mortification. For Christianity took over the word, and made of it something sublime and beautiful, something purposeful. Blind suffering, blindly dying to oneself is not the real meaning of mortification. For the Church does not demand mortification, nor does the individual impose it upon himself without some highest purpose. This, then, is the full meaning of mortification — that we give up something in order to obtain something even better than what was sacrificed. But even this noble meaning of mortification we often find difficult to understand. That you might better understand it, and live it, we invite you to read the following stories and incidents, to meditate upon them. They will make mortification, if not easier, at least more lifelike and reasonable.

Whenever he found it difficult to bear some particularly painful mortification, St. Camillus of Lellis used to pay a visit to the cemetery where members of his religious family were buried. There, standing beside their

graves, he would ask himself what he would wish to have done on this occasion, when his body was rotting away in the grave.

"If those who are buried here were to come back to life, what would they not endure to sanctify themselves? And I, who still have life, would I not, indeed, be a fool, not to endure this cross?"

•

An old, experienced priest was once asked by a penitent for permission to wear a hair-shirt. The priest merely placed his finger upon his lips and in reply remarked:

"My son, the best mortification and hair-shirt is to watch carefully all that comes out at this door."

•

As artists often do, the famous artist, William Achtermann, once painted himself among the figures in one of his large canvases, "The Descent from the Cross". He depicted himself as one of the disciples, standing on a ladder leaning against the cross, and drawing one of the nails from Our Lord's feet. When asked why he painted himself in such a position, he replied:

"The numerous sins in the lives of men like myself have driven many nails into Our Lord's body. It is time that we should draw them out."

•

The difficult path is more often, not the easier, but the right path.

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The water supply of a caravan traveling through a desert was very nearly exhausted. The burning heat seemed beyond endurance, and the travelers became more and more impatient and excited. Of a sudden, palms appeared before their eyes, the green of an oasis greeted them. They wished to hurry toward it, but their guide prevented them, exclaiming.

"It is only a mirage. Stay on this trail."

Though they suffered terribly from thirst they continued on their way. In a short time, however, their feverish eyes once more saw the swaying palms and the fresh green grass, this time so near that they seemed to hear the bubbling of the water. Once more the guide sought to dissuade them:

"It is only a mirage. Stay on this trail."

Frenzied by thirst, however, one of the travelers took out his revolver and shot the guide. When the guide fell to the ground, in a last effort he pointed to the right path and said:

"Go in that direction or you will all perish."

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Happy Man

Bennett Cerf tells the story of the ruler of an ancient kingdom who came down with a malady one day that no doctor of the time could diagnose. A wise man at the court, however, suggested that if the king were to don the shirt of the happiest man in the land, he would recover in short order. The problem now, was to locate the happiest man. Couriers combed the country to discover him, and finally they agreed that they had found him. Alas! When he was brought to court it was discovered that he had no shirt to his name.

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Kites rise against the wind, not with the wind.

•
Cardinal Hosius, a legate to the Council of Trent was once asked why he observed the law of fast and abstinence so rigorously.

"The law of God," he replied, "states that we must honor our father and mother to live long on the earth. Well, God, my father, commands penance of me, and the Church, my mother, points out the days on which to do it."

•
The abbot Olympian was asked by friends why he lived in a narrow cell, exposed to the irritation of insects and the burning rays of the sun.

"The narrowness of my cell," he answered, "reminds me of the prison of the damned. The stings of the insects, of the worm that dieth not; and the heat of the sun puts me in mind of the fire that will never be extinguished."

•
Heretics once seized St. Dominic. In their fanaticism they asked him what he would say if they were to put him to death.

"Nothing," the saint replied, "except to ask you to make me suffer a long martyrdom, to furnish me the occasion to testify by my patience to my love of Our Lord."

•
St. Domitilla was the niece of the emperor Aurelian. The emperor used all of his persuasiveness to force the young girl to accept in marriage one of the great lords of the empire. In reply the saint put this question to the emperor.

"If they should offer a young girl, on the one hand a monarch, and on the other a patrician, which would she

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choose? For my part, to renounce the king of heaven to espouse a man, would be the height of folly."

Carved into the stone over the triple doorway of the cathedral of Milan are the three following inscriptions:

"All that pleases is but for a moment."

"All that troubles is but for a moment."

"Only that is important which is eternal."

The little girl was only five years old. She was gazing into the candy case of a little store on New York's 67th street.

"How much for that?" she pointed through the glass case, clutching her three pennies.

"Six cents."

"Is there any for three?" she asked pointing to a pink square.

"Five", the man said, looking past her into the street.

Outside a whirlpool of children dashed up and down doorsteps of the side street. The little girl stood before the candy case searching for something she could buy for three cents.

"That one over there, in red paper?" she suggested.

The man merely shrugged and looked away. From the street sounded the voice of someone singing. The little

girl went to the door, clutching her three pennies. The singer, a young man, was pushing himself along on a small wooden platform and a score of children swarmed around him. The little girl hurried out of the store and joined the group around the crippled minstrel. When the song was almost ended, she broke through the circle of children and stood for a moment looking at the man. She smiled a little, her face lighted with the mysterious understanding of children. Then she placed her three pennies in his hand.

Mortification is not easy. It is intended to kill something in us or of us. But its death-dealing effect can be greatly softened, even turned into something beautiful and joyful, if we will but remember that mortification is not an end in itself. It is not merely the death of ourself or of something in us or belonging to us—it is living to something more sublime and important. We do not mortify ourselves just to be hurting ourselves, but to obtain something better. We mortify ourselves for a purpose.

Will you reread the preceding stories and incidents now? Apply them to your own life, while reading them. They will give you but a few of the purposes of mortification. They will reveal to you why mortification, like life, "can be beautiful".

Favor Granted

When Woodrow Wilson was elected president for the first time and the office-seekers descended upon him, he had little patience with them. One night at a dinner he was cornered by a persistent job hunter.

"Mr. President," said the job hunter, "do you remember the man you appointed to the State Department post last month? He died two days ago. Would it be agreeable to you if I took his place?"

"Of course," Mr. Wilson replied. "Have you arranged it with the undertaker?"

Happenings in Rome

Christopher D. McEnniry

Marriage Annulments

"He is simply *wonderfull!* Our souls are attuned on every point."

"But, my child, you may not keep company with another woman's husband. That is immoral and called by a most ugly name."

"Oh, he got a divorce from her."

"No civil divorce can break the bond of a valid marriage. Civil law cannot touch a sacred contract."

"They were both Protestants when they were married. And the Church does not consider marriage between two Protestants valid."

"You're wrong. The Church most certainly does consider a marriage between two Protestants or between two Jews or between two atheists a valid marriage, provided they fulfilled the essential conditions."

"But I know cases where the Church declared that a marriage between two Protestants was invalid."

"That is because they had omitted one of the essential conditions of the contract. No contract is valid if one of the essential conditions is omitted. That, however, is very hard to prove regarding a marriage. The Church will never permit you to marry him until it has been proved. This may take years. Often the case must be appealed from one matrimonial court to another until it comes to the highest court, the Holy Roman Rota. And even then the Rota may declare that the facts have not been sufficiently proved and that therefore the marriage stands."

"I have heard that, with plenty of money, one can get a favorable decision from the Rota."

You may have *heard* that pigs have wings! Disregard what you have *heard*, and look at the facts. During the year just passed the High Court of the Rota found that in 76 cases the alleged facts were proved and accordingly declared the marriage invalid. In twenty-five of these cases the petitioners were poor, the case was tried gratis, the notable expenses were paid by the court itself. During the same time the High Court of the Rota found that in 94 cases the facts were not clearly proved and that therefore the marriages stood. In 51 of these cases the petitioners had plenty of money. All their money did not secure for them a favorable decision. The Rota wants facts, not checks.

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The Work of the Nuns

The Pope knows a lot. He was addressing a group of Sisters of many different orders engaged in teaching young girls in schools, academies, orphanages and other institutions.

He showed that he knows the sister "who renounces all human satisfaction and spends her life in heroic self-abnegation, working tirelessly and silently, often unknown, sometimes even misunderstood. The most delicate flowers of the garden of the Church are trustfully laid in her arms — the hope of the nation, for the girl of today

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should be the Christian mother of tomorrow."

He shows that he knows the growing girl. With a few deft touches he portrays her hopes, her fears, her dreams, her ambitions, her capabilities for good or for evil, and tells how to bring out the best that is in her.

He shows that he knows the heart-breaks of the sister. The sister tries to confirm her charges by enrolling them the weaknesses, societies and other or-mean men who how she can continue to fluence of any kind in labor union. Then or small. Taken as a whole, these men represent almost 15,000,000 workers. The numbers that they represent give them great power for good or for evil.

While unionism has made great advances in the past thirty years, it is still an object of controversy and opposition on the part of some segments of society. There are those among employers (thank God they are becoming fewer) who would like to go back to the free and easy days of management, when it was possible for an employer to hire and fire, to set wages and conditions of labor, just as he pleased, or according to the state of the labor market at a given time. There are those among employees who have a constitutional dislike for paying dues to a union, and of having to go along with the decisions made by a union to which they may belong. And there are those among the general public who, without too much inside knowledge of the facts, have taken the stand that unions are too powerful, or too wicked, or too selfish to be of any value to society.

By and large, however, the principle of the necessity of unions has been accepted by the majority of the intelligent and morally responsible people among employers, employees and the general public. Popes, bishops, professors of the social sciences, responsible industrial leaders, have all contributed their share to bringing about such acceptance.

enjoyment in the home. He counts it a good sign that television enabled so many to witness the inspiring ceremonies that ushered in the Marian Year.

However he is not unaware of the tragedy that results when unhealthy scenes are brought into the home — the unit of society — which would have damaging effects upon the avid and impressionable minds and hearts of children and youths.

It is not enough, he tells Christian men and women, Christian fathers and mothers, to disapprove of hurtful presentations. You must act. You must stand shoulder to shoulder behind your hoodlums. The taking effective steps to movement is made a curse. He ing their influence in extreme ways. rational

Now anybody who has a mite of inside knowledge about industrial relations knows that these charges of communism and racketeering and hoodlumism are often unjustified, and are but a part of the campaign that a small but vociferous group is still waging against the very existence of unions. We know, for example, a man in a very high position who has in his own mind identified any defense or promotion of unionism with communism. To him every union leader in the country, and anyone, like ourselves, who defends the principles of unionism, is a Red. There are others who call union demands, even the most just, but a form of racketeering.

But it would be fatal for those who are interested in unions, either as members or leaders or observers, to write off all criticism of their activities and of their leadership as being of that backward and unintelligent kind. The fact must be faced that evil men do sometimes get control of unions, and that the good men who rise to some influence in unions are not always as good as they should be. It is no argument to say that there are bad men among employers, and therefore little should be made

Happenings in Rome

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"That is because they had omitted one of the essential conditions of the contract. No contract is valid if one of the essential conditions is omitted. That, however, is very hard to prove regarding a marriage. The Church will never permit you to marry him until it has been proved. This may take years. Often the case must be appealed from one matrimonial court to another until it comes to the highest court, the Holy Roman Rota. And even then the Rota may declare that the facts have not been sufficiently proved and that therefore the marriage stands."

"I have heard that, with plenty of money, one can get a favorable decision from the Rota."

You may have *heard* that pigs have wings! Disregard what you have *heard*, and look at the facts. During the year just passed the High Court of the Rota found that in 76 cases the alleged facts were proved and accordingly declared the marriage invalid. In twenty-five of these cases the petitioners were poor, the case was tried gratis, the notable expenses were paid by the court itself. During the same time the High Court of the Rota found that in 94 cases the facts were not clearly proved and that therefore the marriages stood. In 51 of these cases the petitioners had plenty of money. All their money did not secure for them a favorable decision. The Rota wants facts, not checks.

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The Work of the Nuns

The Pope knows a lot. He was addressing a group of Sisters of many different orders engaged in teaching young girls in schools, academies, orphanages and other institutions.

He showed that he knows the sister "who renounces all human satisfaction and spends her life in heroic self-abnegation, working tirelessly and silently, often unknown, sometimes even misunderstood. The most delicate flowers of the garden of the Church are trustfully laid in her arms — the hope of the nation, for the girl of today

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should be the Christian mother of tomorrow."

He shows that he knows the growing girl. With a few deft touches he portrays her hopes, her fears, her dreams, her ambitions, her capabilities for good or for evil, and tells how to bring out the best that is in her.

He shows that he knows the heart-breaks of the sister. The sister tries to confirm her charges by enrolling them in clubs, societies and other organizations. Then she can continue to

enjoyment in the home. He counts it a good sign that television enabled so many to witness the inspiring ceremonies that ushered in the Marian Year.

However he is not unaware of the tragedy that results when unhealthy scenes are brought into the home — the unit of society — which would have damaging effects upon the avid and impressionable minds and hearts of children and youths.

It is not enough, he tells Christian men and women, Christian fathers and mothers, to disapprove of hurtful presentations. You must act. You must stand shoulder to shoulder behind your children, taking effective steps to prevent television from being a curse. He says that television is a national

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what heavy cares have entered into her life. The Lord of all, in His wise Providence, has placed the weight of empire on her youthful shoulders, and she has accepted the burden with a courageous simplicity and unselfish spirit of devotion that have at once won the admiration and affection of her peoples throughout the British Commonwealth of Nations. We ask you to convey to Her Majesty the expression of Our esteem and the assurance of Our prayers that God, who has blessed her with the sweet joys of a happy family life may grant to her reign the precious blessings of prosperity and peace.

"Peace — how
comes to the
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the human spirit its innate yearning for God, not only must the shackles of enslavement be struck from those God-given freedoms that are postulates of the dignity of man and human society and are today denied to entire peoples; but if peace is to be secure, then justice and charity must inspire reciprocal confidence between nations and between the different classes within a nation, thus laying the foundations for a united effort toward a noble ideal.



Sideglances

By the Bystander

Examination of Conscience For Union Leaders

Union leaders are important figures in the world of today. By "leaders" we here mean men who hold office or exercise influence of any kind in labor unions large or small. Taken as a whole, these men represent almost 15,000,000 workers. The numbers that they represent give them great power for good or for evil.

While unionism has made great advances in the past thirty years, it is still an object of controversy and opposition on the part of some segments of society. There are those among employers (thank God they are becoming fewer) who would like to go back to the free and easy days of management, when it was possible for an employer to hire and fire, to set wages and conditions of labor, just as he pleased, or according to the state of the labor market at a given time. There are those among employees who have a constitutional dislike for paying dues to a union, and of having to go along with the decisions made by a union to which they may belong. And there are those among the general public who, without too much inside knowledge of the facts, have taken the stand that unions are too powerful, or too wicked, or too selfish to be of any value to society.

By and large, however, the principle of the necessity of unions has been accepted by the majority of the intelligent and morally responsible people among employers, employees and the general public. Popes, bishops, professors of the social sciences, responsible industrial leaders, have all contributed their share to bringing about such acceptance.

But there is still one hitch—one score that is constantly being raised against unions. It is the argument that, while the principle is sound, in practice there are too many bad men wielding influence in unions. Sometimes these bad men are called communists, and sometimes they are called racketeers, and sometimes they are called hoodlums. Their presence in the labor union movement is made into an argument for suppressing the unions, or at least for curbing their influence in extreme ways.

Now anybody who has a mite of inside knowledge about industrial relations knows that these charges of communism and racketeering and hoodlumism are often unjustified, and are but a part of the campaign that a small but vociferous group is still waging against the very existence of unions. We know, for example, a man in a very high position who has in his own mind identified any defense or promotion of unionism with communism. To him every union leader in the country, and anyone, like ourselves, who defends the principles of unionism, is a Red. There are others who call union demands, even the most just, but a form of racketeering.

But it would be fatal for those who are interested in unions, either as members or leaders or observers, to write off all criticism of their activities and of their leadership as being of that backward and unintelligent kind. The fact must be faced that evil men do sometimes get control of unions, and that the good men who rise to some influence in unions are not always as good as they should be. It is no argument to say that there are bad men among employers, and therefore little should be made

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of the fact that there are bad men among union leaders. Two wrongs never add up to a right, though psychologically there is the danger that all of us may excuse our sins by contemplating the sins of others. But the union labor movement is too important and necessary to permit itself to be unconcerned about its faults and sins. If it is to succeed in its important goals of protecting workingmen from what the Popes called "exploitation," it must constantly try to purify itself of the evils that others may and certainly will use as an argument for its destruction.

Here, then, is an examination of conscience for men who have some influence or leadership, or who should assume some activity or leadership, in labor unions. If a great many of the good, honest, Christian men who are active in unions today will carefully apply this examination to themselves, and try to eliminate their own faults as recognized, they will do more to promote the good cause of peaceful and just industrial relations than any amount of propaganda could do.

1. Attitudes toward employers

1. Have I adopted an attitude of bitterness, hatred, contempt toward employers, which is evident in the way in which I speak of them and to them?

2. Do I try to work up hatred and bitterness against employers in other workers by making unjustified accusations against them, by attributing evil motives to their actions, by revealing their secret sins?

3. Do I, in speaking about employers, lump them all together as if all were anti-labor, not to be trusted, unworthy of co-operation?

4. Do I maintain that labor has a right to get anything it can from employers without regard for justice or fairness, because of past abuses on the part of employers?

5. Do I permit and promote the vicious propaganda of radicals and communists against "rich" employers among my men,

in order to make my union more strong?

6. Do I neglect to inform myself of the problems of employers, saying scornfully that "it's their business to solve their problems"?

7. At conferences with business owners and managers, do I show myself to be uncooperative, willing only to look at my side, seldom ready to consider a compromise?

8. Do I brandish the threat of a strike as the first and chief means of bringing an employer to agree to my demands?

9. Do I ever defend conduct on the part of my union, or some of its members, that I know to be morally wrong?

10. Do I accept bribes or favors from certain employers on condition that I compromise a point of principle and justice, thus enriching myself at the expense of the men I represent?

11. If my union embraces men working for several employers, do I favor and assist one over the others because of personal gifts and favors received from that one?

12. Do I blackball and discriminate against certain employers, making it hard for them to hire necessary employees, because I dislike them or because they refuse to pay personal tribute to me?

13. Do I use my authority to force employers to accept inferior, incapable and untrustworthy employees, with a "take him or nothing" attitude?

14. Do I pay no attention to justified grievances of employers against grossly unreliable workers?

15. Do I look upon relations between employers and unions as those of enemies who must always be fighting against each other, instead of working toward the ideal of peaceful, intelligent cooperation?

II. Attitudes toward union members

1. Do I act and speak as if I were superior to rank and file union members, because of my position?

2. Do I brush off complaints or proposals

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made to me by union members, and give them no consideration?

3. Am I content that few union members attend union meetings so that I and a few others can manipulate them as we wish?

4. Do I use threats of personal violence, or permit violence to be used, to force employees to sign up with the union, or to vote in a certain way?

5. Do I threaten reprisals, physical or otherwise, against union members who disagree with the policies of those in office?

6. Do I use the threat of a strike, which will bring great hardship to the workers, as a means to induce them to vote to support unreasonable demands we want to make of management?

7. Do I insist, or approve of those who insist, that workers deliberately and unreasonably slow down their production in order to get more pay for less work?

8. Do I demand fees (that go into my own pocket) from workers who seek membership in the union I control?

9. Do I blackball from union membership (and therefore from a job) men whom I dislike, or who I fear may threaten my position or oppose my ideas?

10. Am I part of a small clique of union leaders who secretly conspire to put across unsavory deals on the rank and file?

11. Do I propose or promote or permit men who are seriously suspected of being, or known to be, communists, to be candidates for office in my union?

12. Do I support immoral, unprincipled men for office in my union, knowing that they will use any means, whether bad or good, to get their way?

13. Do I fail to consider carefully, in

each dispute, the three conditions that must be present before a strike can be just: 1) that there be a serious grievance or injustice that all other reasonable means have failed to rectify; 2) that the damage to the common good be not disproportionate to the good sought after; 3) that no immoral means be used in the conduct of the strike?

14. Do I break, or permit the breaking of, contracts that have been made in good faith by both sides in a dispute?

Five Marks of a Good Leader

From these questions by which union leaders and agents should examine themselves, a positive picture of a good labor union leader can be drawn. There are five marks by which he will be known.

1. A good union leader keeps before him the ideal of peaceful co-operation between unions and employers, not the idea that they must be at war.

2. A good union leader permits himself to hate nobody, neither a hard-to-deal-with employer, nor a union member who opposes him, nor members of the public who attack or malign him. He tries to teach the spirit of charity and forgiveness to all his fellow union members.

3. A good union leader refuses to tolerate or approve immoral means of any kind: bribe-taking, threats, violence, lying, unjustified strikes, the breaking of contracts, etc.

4. A good union leader recognizes his need of ever greater knowledge of the problems of employers as well as those of his union, and he listens to others, studies as much as he can, and discusses points without rancor.

5. A good union leader has nothing to hide, either from management, or from his fellow union men, or from the public.

The Baltimore psychiatric clinic which encourages women to talk freely must be run by a descendant of the poet who told the deep and dark blue ocean to go ahead and roll on.

Quote

Catholic Anecdotes

Gratitude

An ancient legend tells us that two of God's angels went forth from heaven one morning to gather the prayers of men. As they neared the earth, they rejoiced at the beauty all around them. Fruit-laden orchards, fields golden with ripening grain, and green grass everywhere.

"Let us divide our work," said one of the angels. "My bag is much larger than yours, so I will gather the prayers of praise and thanksgiving while you, with the smaller bag, may gather the complaints and petitions."

So they separated and each began his task. At sunset they met again.

"What a busy day I have had," exclaimed the angel with the small bag. "My sack did not begin to hold all the complaints and petitions, so I have had to make three trips. Who would ever have thought that men could be so discontented?"

"And I," said the other angel sadly, "have found this bag far too large. I have searched all day among people who seemed to have all their hearts could desire, and yet I found just this one little 'Thank you'. Oh, if only we could make the world understand!"

When they appeared before God, each presented his offering in sorrowful silence.

"Be comforted," He said tenderly. "One of my loved ones has given me thanks, and I receive it gladly. It is a most precious offering because it is so rare."

Not To Be Bought

Billions of pounds sterling had accumulated to the crown during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and as her life was ebbing to its end, courtiers grouped around her bed, arguing about her will, as the disposition of this wealth as well as the succession to the throne was to some extent up to her. Perhaps the dying woman thought of the Catholic martyrs she had sent into eternity and whom she was so soon to face, as frantically she silenced the talk about her vast wealth.

"All these possessions, for just one moment of time!" she shrieked, and fell unconscious, to speak no more.

Last Attachment

Chromatius, pro-consul of Rome under the Emperor Diocletian, had an incurable sickness. Hearing of the miracles of St. Sebastian in Rome, he summoned the saint and promised that, if he would cure him he would become a Christian. Sebastian said:

"You will recover if you destroy all the idols in your home."

Chromatius promised. A few days later he sent for the saint again and said:

"You promised that I would get well, but I got worse."

"You did not destroy *all* your false gods," St. Sebastian answered.

The sick man admitted that he had kept one idol — only one — made of gold, which he prized. St. Sebastian told him that, if he wanted to get well, he must get rid of that one, too; that, as with his sins, it was no use to give up all the others, if he held on to any cherished one.

Chromatius destroyed his last idol and was immediately cured.

Answered Prayer

A certain naval officer was very eager to be transferred to a particular ship. He made a novena and got all the prayers he could for this intention. He was very disappointed when he got orders to join another ship, and was tempted to think his prayers were wasted, till one day he opened a newspaper and saw that the ship he had been so eager to be assigned to had been sunk and all aboard had been drowned.

Meat into Fish

Blessed Conrad of Piacenza was an Italian nobleman who lived as a hermit for forty years in a cave. One day some worldly men persuaded him to dine with them on a Friday and served him some pork disguised as fish.

When the meal was over, they mocked him for having broken the abstinence; but Conrad showed them his plate filled with fish-bones, and they had to admit in amazement that God had performed this wonder to shame their contempt for the laws of the Church.

Put to Shame

St. John Vianney, Cure of Ars, was walking through the fields one spring day with a friend. The trees were full of birds and the air was full of the music of their singing. The Cure stopped to listen.

"Ah, little birds," he said, "you were created to sing and praise God and you are singing. Man was created to love God but he does not love Him."

Revenge on Judas

A missionary working in the Belgian Congo describes the following incident in *Missionhurst*.

In front of the priest's office stood an improvised altar, and over it was a painting of the Last Supper. During Holy Week one of the catechists used this picture to explain the events of the Passion. He was instructing a large group of Congolese boys, many of whom had had very little if any instruction in the Christian truths, and these boys were entranced with the story, which they took so seriously that some were loud in their expressions of anger against the traitorous Judas.

Afterwards one of the boys named Mafuta sought out the catechist.

"Does Judas have any relatives? Where do they live? My grandfather has a sharp spear!"

An explanation of the necessity of Christian forgiveness apparently did not get through to the boy, because later he crept up to the painting when no one was around, and was discovered in the act of cutting out the eyes of Judas.

"Alas, my beautiful painting," mourned the priest.

"But Father," said Mafuta, "he killed Our Lord!"

Stumbling Blocks

Brother Giles used to say of himself: "I would sooner be blind than be the most handsome, wealthy, wise or high-ranking person in the world."

"But why," someone asked him, "would you prefer blindness to all that?"

"Because," he replied with simplicity, "such things might get in my way." A wise and true answer.

Pointed Paragraphs



Holy Week

The events commemorated by Holy Week are always news, and news of such commanding importance that they are more deserving of editorial comment than all the other current events in the world combined.

Christ's sufferings and death mean as much to man today as they did when they actually took place. Perhaps they mean more today.

They are a source of real hope in the lives of many who are hopeless. Our society has got to the point where heaven has been stolen from the people. Heaven is supposed to be here on earth. Heaven is the possession of a car, a large bank account and all the electrical contrivances to save work that science can invent.

But man discovers after a very short time that the possession of these mechanical gadgets does not constitute heaven. There is something more that he wants. There is another kind of happiness that he craves. Yet, he is led to believe that there isn't anything more. So, he tends toward cynicism and despair. He loses hope.

Our Lord suffered and died during Holy Week to accentuate the fact that there is a heaven and that now, due to His generosity in paying the admission

price for us, which was His Divine Blood, all men can easily find entry into that heaven "where eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor mind conceived what God has prepared for those who live and die in His love."

In the light of the events of Holy Week the trivia of the modern world, such as material conveniences, labor-saving devices, a beautiful home, a body untouched by pain, find their true perspective. These things are desirable. It is not God's wish that man cease to strive for them or possess them and enjoy them. But they are like toys. Their purpose is not to give lasting happiness but only to make this vale of tears a little brighter until the real home is reached.

And it is not so hard to strive for that real home when it is remembered what Christ did to make its attainment possible. He died in terrible pain. That was His contribution. All we have to do is lead a good life through obedience to His commandments and His Church. With His help this is easy. Holy Week is indeed the fountainhead of hope.

Easter Parade

With the blooming of the Easter lily there shall also bloom in fragrance the latest in spring fashions. Bonnets, coats and dresses will be on display in the front of churches (cathedrals and fashionable churches mostly), to be photographed by reporters and duly recorded in the morning edition of Easter Monday's paper.

All of which leads us to comment on the phenomenon of style and dress.

There is nothing wrong in itself in adorning the body with beautiful clothes—if the motive is right for so doing. There is no command in the Bible to the effect that a woman must go around dressed in a burlap bag.

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Nor a man either. If there were, the cardinals of the Catholic Church would be in a precarious position.

If a woman is utterly convinced of the preciousness of her body in view of the fact that it is the temple of the Holy Ghost, the receptacle of new life and a creation of God destined to be glorified in heaven after the resurrection, she is perfectly justified in dressing that body in purple and fine linen out of respect for it. It is difficult, however, to have this motive without an admixture of other motives less worthy. Undoubtedly the women saints had it.

If a woman is convinced that her vocation in life is marriage and that her chief way of meeting a man who will make marriage possible for her is by wearing beautiful clothes, then she too is justified in dressing up and partaking in the Easter parade. It isn't likely that a man will be inclined to court one who is slovenly and clad like a tramp.

If a woman wants to give glory to God by making herself as beautiful as possible, she has a right to the best of raiment. The rose gives glory to God; and the more beautiful it is, the more glory it gives. Why cannot a woman do everything in her power to be like a rose and thereby reflect the beauty of Him who made both her and the rose?

But if a woman dresses herself like a queen only to be admired by others, to inflate her ego and to make other women jealous, she is being vain. She is committing a sin.

Or if a woman dresses in such a way as to tempt those who see her, as does the one who wears the excessively low-cut dress or the dress that is too tight, she too is doing wrong even though the style of the moment dictates that kind of dress.

Easter parades are in order provided women do not turn themselves into peacocks or occasions of sin. Very easily they can be both.

Facts About The Handicapped

From the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults come some figures and statistics which strike us as well worth pondering. They have to do with the number of disabled persons in the United States.

1. In the United States, 2,500,000 persons of working age are afflicted with injuries which prevent their getting or holding suitable jobs.

2. There are an estimated 5 million children in the United States between the ages of five and 19 who are classified as "exceptional children," and need special educational facilities. This includes epileptics, deaf-mutes, blind, crippled and mentally defective children. Some two million of these are victims of the dread cerebral palsy.

3. An estimated one million persons in the United States are invalids.

Out of these figures and statistics can be drawn a good motive for genuine Christian charity, which always seeks to relieve suffering and misery. This charity might be exercised in one of the following ways:

If you are an employer, you might look into the possibility of employing the handicapped insofar as possible. It is a proven fact that, other things being equal, their work does not suffer by comparison with that of their able-bodied co-workers, and often they have proved themselves more dependable and trustworthy.

It may be possible for you to give some time and effort to helping in the training and education of handicapped children. In every community there are institutions for these children. To teach them catechism, for instance, is

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often a difficult task, but one which is surely most pleasing to God.

No matter how humble your circumstances or how untalented you may consider yourself, you can always at least visit and console the sick, trying to exercise toward them kindness and understanding at all times. Thus you will be fulfilling one of the corporal works of mercy praised so highly by our Saviour.

Lastly, be generous in any genuine appeal made on behalf of the sick or handicapped in your area. Every diocese has its charitable organizations set up to care for the needy of all categories, and the exercise of this charity depends on how well the faithful support the hands of those appointed to the work.

Be charitable, and God's blessing will follow you everywhere.

Teen-Agers

In the past couple of months there have been accounts in the newspapers of various large cities in the country of teen-age violence.

In Detroit one teen-age boy stabbed to death another teen-age boy after a basketball game, and in the very throes of his death struggle, the dying boy seized a knife from a companion and hurled it at his assailant. Immediately afterwards he died.

Also in Detroit two girls, no older than fourteen years, made a habit of stealing cars "in order to visit their boy-friends," as they told the police when finally they were taken into custody.

In Chicago the city authorities debated whether or not to call off all night athletic contests because of the battles between teen-agers that followed the games. These battles were in no way like the games. They were

more like the battles that go on in war.

And so the story goes in most of the large cities of the country. Something has happened to the moral fabric of the country to permit such abnormal and unnatural conduct on the part of the young to spill out on society.

Meetings have been held by responsible people to find the causes and to propose remedies for the wave of viciousness. The conclusions drawn by these older people are about as realistic as those of the man who believes that mere human treaties can prevent wars.

In all the articles we read we failed to find any suggestion other than "poorly paid teachers, crowded classrooms, the young people's failure to integrate properly, racial prejudice." The reasons and the remedies given for the trouble were those that could be found in any sociology text book that was written by a man who had no belief in the supernatural, in religion, in the traditional place occupied by parents in the education and training of children.

We believe firmly that the main cause of the fighting and injuring and killing is to be found in the home. The home must be founded on religious principles. The parents must be convinced of this. The parents must use every effort to put their principles and convictions into operation. If the parents have vague notions of God and religion, and live and conduct their home accordingly, the chances are very high that their children will be a danger to their companions and to society.

Why is it that responsible people, educators and high officials in city government cannot see this? Undoubtedly it is because religion has

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broken down since the reformation. Private interpretation of the Bible has led to so many religions that a good number of people will accept no religion. The effects of this lack of religion is felt in the home, then in the school, then on the streets after a basketball game, and finally in all society.

A serious study of religion is the solution to the problem. We shall read the papers carefully to see if those so anxious to check juvenile delinquency agree with us. The solutions they have offered so far are no more than surface solutions. They paint over the scab. They do not cure the cancer.

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New Diseases for Old

The true secularist has a well-rounded philosophy of life, if one accepts his first premise, that man's purpose consists only in living for the things of this world.

There is, however, one disturbing fact which the secularist finds it difficult to reckon with, namely, the fact of death, which from his viewpoint strikes in such a haphazard way at a man's hopes and dreams. It seizes now the old, now the young; sometimes its approach is gradual, at others most sudden. There is indeed no way for the good secularist to fit it into his rational explanation of life.

Hence, when unavoidably brought up against the fact of death, the secularist tries to mute it down and conceal it as much as possible beneath the elegant trappings of a modern mortuary establishment. And since he cannot avoid reckoning with the fact of death, he indulges in wishful thinking that medical science is on the threshold of eliminating death. Thus every now and then will appear in one of the pop-

ular magazines an article extolling some new discovery of medical science which will, it is contended, postpone the coming of death for a long time, and perhaps lead to the elimination of death altogether.

Alas for the poor secularist, medical science is quick to throw cold water upon such wishful thinking. Thus at the meeting in Toronto of the International College of Surgeons recently, it was pointed out rather grimly that for every advance in medical therapy, some corresponding disadvantage must be reckoned with.

Insulin checks diabetes, but spares the patient perhaps only for arteriosclerosis with diabetic gangrene; pain can be softened by the barbiturates, but these in time may bring about a deadly choking off of the white corpuscles in the blood. Blood transfusions have saved many lives, but also they may well be a determining factor in the kidney deterioration known as nephrosis. "Modern man," one pathologist remarked glumly, "swims in a sea of carcinogens" (cancer-causing substances).

Into whatever unrelieved gloom the secularist is thrown by such sobering news, to the Christian it should occasion no shifting at all in the perspective of his mental values. For the Christian attitude is that death is a punishment of sin which must be undergone by all men, and which will come when and as God wills. It is natural enough to fear death (since it is after all a penalty), but the fear can be made easily bearable by the realization that death actually is the doorway to life — the only real kind of life, when we pass from the shadows and unsatisfactory glimpses of joy here on earth to the unalloyed and complete happiness of heaven.



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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by John Schaefer

VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS

MARTYRS OF JAPAN (Continued)

About the year 1629 a new governor, more cruel than all the rest, was appointed to Nagasaki. One of his first orders was that a large number of the faithful must ascend the horrible Mount Ungen. He commanded that they be tormented here as much as possible, without, however, causing their death, since death was the sincere object of their desires. Among those thus treated was a young woman named Isabella, whose husband had denied the faith. She was placed on the brink of the abyss, a large stone fastened to her neck and a small one placed upon her head. Then she was informed that if she let it fall, this would be a sign of apostasy. Though Isabella answered that even if her head were to fall, her soul would always remain firm and constant, she, nevertheless, kept the same posture for several hours, and did not let the stone fall from her head. In this position she passed the whole night in prayer.

On the following day burning water was poured on her head from time to time from morning to night. She was treated in the same manner for several days, and at intervals, even new cruelties were inflicted upon her. Each time they urged her to submit, however, her reply was:

"I am a Christian and I will be one till death."

When the executioners held out to her the prospect of ten or twenty years of such torture if she remained firm, her reply was even more courageous:

"Ah, ten, twenty years! That is too short a time. If I should live a hundred years I would esteem myself happy to suffer all this time the same tortures for the love of my God."

This torture was prolonged for thirteen days, the servant of God passing six of them without eating, drinking or sleeping—her whole body converted into one large wound. Finally, despairing of being able to conquer her, she was taken back to Nagasaki where the governor had her hand forcibly held and directed that her name be inscribed on the list of renegades. She was then dismissed. Isabella, however, remained firm in her faith and the pagans could not help but admire her courage.

The governor now ordered that all those who were imprisoned for the faith should be prosecuted. Among the prisoners were two brothers, Alexis and Simeon. Under constant threats, Alexis weakened and denied his faith. When the younger Simeon, a youth of nineteen years, was brought before the

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judge, he was asked whether he had applied himself to study.

Simeon replied: "Others study to succeed in the world; but I have studied only to learn how to die well."

When the judge informed him that many Christians, older and wiser than he, had abandoned the faith to save their lives, the youth replied:

"As for myself, I am sure that I cannot be saved except in my religion; let others do what they please; I will never abandon it."

At this the governor condemned him with several others to be conducted to Mount Ungen. When they arrived at the summit, Simeon was stripped and tied, then subjected to the same treatment as Isabella. After several hours of the most excruciating tortures he fell into a swoon. The same thing was renewed on the following day. When he recovered his senses he heard the executioners still speaking to him of denying his faith. But even in his weakened condition he managed to exclaim:

"Know that whatever may be the torments which you make me endure, I will never adore your false gods."

Infuriated at these words the judge ordered that he should be subjected for the third time to the punishment of the *infernal waters*. Upon stripping him to prepare him for the punishment, they found that his body was covered with the most frightful wounds. They, nevertheless, stretched him upon the ground and continued to pour the horrible liquid on his flesh. Once more the poor young man fainted away; and once more he was placed in the cabin and left lying upon the ground. Simeon's wounds now began to putrefy, and worms were engendered. This created such a stench that, in order to frighten Isabella, she was threatened with being shut up in the same cabin with Simeon.

The governor now became fearful that the patient would die, and sent a doctor to cure him, or if he could do nothing to restore his health, to have him sent back to his father. He did this because the emperor desired that the Christians should no longer be put to death, but that they be tormented until they renounced the faith—a barbarous invention inspired by the devil. Despairing of healing Simeon, the doc-

In and Outers

Every country has half-Catholics who do not go all-out for Christ. There are many Catholics in Europe and America who love the Mass, but not *Rerum Novarum*; they accept the morality and faith of Christ, but will not send their children to a Catholic school; they are devoted to the Blessed Virgin, but will not read the encyclical on chaste wedlock; they accept the infallibility of the Pope, but are not enthusiastic about *Quadragesimo Anno*; they receive Holy Communion piously, but they pay their housemaid a starvation wage; they maintain that outside the Church there is no salvation, but they never made a convert in their lives; they know that St. John said, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," but they don't want colored people and racial minorities to have justice. They meditate on the lovely hill of 'heaven, but never on the caverns of the damned.

Archbishop Lucey

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tor had him transported to his father's house. The saintly youth, however, was informed that should he recover, he would be tortured anew.

To this Simeon replied: "This is my fondest wish."

When he arrived at his father's house, the youth was more dead than alive. And when the Christians came to visit him, to congratulate him upon suffering so much for God, he requested that the door be closed to everyone, to be spared from hearing such eulogies. There in solitude he was often heard to repeat:

"Oh, my Jesus, Thy wounds, not mine, are great. All that I suffer is nothing in comparison with what You have suffered for me."

On the third day he requested that his face be washed.

His father, however, exclaimed: "But, my son, do you not realize that your face is but one wound, and to wash it would but increase your suffering?"

"Wash it as well as you can," replied Simeon. "Do you not see that I am going to paradise?"

He then asked for his crucifix, exclaiming that he wished to give up his soul into the sacred wounds of the Saviour. It was given to him, but not being able to raise his arms to embrace it, he exclaimed:

"Oh, my Saviour, have pity on me."

Then, pronouncing the names of Jesus and Mary he gave up his soul to God on August 29, 1630. His father and other relatives wept, not so much from grief as from joy at seeing this martyr in the bosom of their family.

With such ferocity did the persecution continue to rage in this country, that, whereas the Christians before had numbered more than six hundred thousand, there now remained but

forty thousand, the rest having either been perverted or martyred. Not long after those of whom we have just spoken, Father Anthony Iscida, a Japanese and a missionary of the Society of Jesus, also won the immortal crown. He had been imprisoned for three years, and was worn out with sufferings. But the governor did not cease to press him to return to the worship of the gods of the country in which he had been born. The good priest answered:

"In order to affect me, it will be necessary to threaten me with sparing my life. My most ardent desire is to suffer much and to die for Jesus Christ. The tyrant had him conducted to Mount Ungen, where, after his limbs had been dislocated, he was subjected for thirty days to the torture of the sulphurous waters. He was finally burned alive at Nagasaki, thus consummating his sacrifice in the sixty-fourth year of his life.

Let us now relate the martyrdom of James Cufioie, one of the most zealous and charitable Christians in the kingdom of Fingo. He had lived at Nagasaki, had offered his house as an asylum for Father Iscida, and was imprisoned with him. After he had been arrested, he fasted every day except Sunday, constantly wore a hair-shirt and spent twelve hours a day in prayer, asking from God the grace to die for the faith. His prayer was heard, for he was condemned to death by fire, and his mother, Mary, was sentenced to die at the same time by being beheaded.

A woman, Agatha, learning that her husband had been condemned to death with his mother, while she herself was being spared, went at once to visit them in prison. Seeing her weeping, James said:

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"Agatha, why these tears? Are you weeping because of my death?"

"No," she replied. "I weep because I was not condemned with you."

James held out to her the hope that this consolation would not be refused to her. Meanwhile, Mary gave thanks to God, happy to see herself on the point of dying for Jesus Christ. The soldiers did not hesitate to take the son and the mother to lead them to the place of execution. Arriving there, James embraced the stake that awaited him, and was bound to it. When the flames surrounded him on all sides, he began to sing the psalm "*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*". He had scarcely finished when he fell and gave up his soul to God. His good mother, who had been forced to witness the execution of her son, now knelt down and presented her head to the executioner. He immediately cut it off. A few days later, James appeared to one of his friends, and to strengthen him, exclaimed:

"My friend, everything passes away. Why do you neglect your salvation? Why do you not work for eternity?"

Agatha was now inconsolable at finding herself still living. Five days later, she was informed that her three young sons had been condemned to death. Far from being afflicted at this news she rejoiced that her children were to be assured the possession of eternal life. She only regretted that she was not able to follow them, exclaiming to the soldiers:

"If my children are to die, why do you let me live, me, who am their mother?"

The eldest child, John, was only nine years old; Michael, the second, was five, and Ignatius, but two. This little innocent was playing when he was told that he was to die. He, at once, entered the house without emotion,

took his rosary, and knelt down to pray.

The three young martyrs bade farewell to their mother and went to the soldiers. The mother accompanied them for some time, then retired after encouraging them to die for God. When they reached the place of execution, John prostrated himself and lowered his collar in expectation of death. The executioner, however, trembling in the performance of so barbarous an act, missed his aim and succeeded only in throwing the boy to the ground. John rose again and received a second blow, this severing the head from his body. The executioner then passed to Michael, missing him as he had missed his brother, and dispatched him only after the second blow. Only little Ignatius remained. Approaching him the executioner trembled in every limb. Two blows were also required to put him to death. The spectators of this gruesome sight became so indignant that only the interference of the judge prevented them from rushing upon the cruel wretch to tear him to pieces.

Leo Tasuque, an uncle of the three boys, was present at their execution and was put to death with them. As soon as James, his son-in-law, was arrested, he prepared himself for martyrdom. He accompanied the boys to the gate of the street, embraced them, and exclaimed:

"Farewell, my children; when you get to paradise, do not forget me."

Upon returning to his house he began to pray. Scarcely had he begun when he heard a confused cry: "Kill him, kill him!" Agatha, believing that she was the object of search, hastened to the place whence the cry proceeded, and presented herself to be led to prison. But the soldiers cried out:

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"Go away. It is not you we are seeking, but Tasuque, your father."

Hearing his name mentioned, the saintly old man went out to the soldiers. They threw themselves upon him, handcuffed him and conducted him to the place where his three grandchildren were awaiting their death. After they had been beheaded he, too, was put to death in the same manner.

There now remained to Agatha, of all her relatives, but one little daughter, who to her grief she saw taken from her without being able to die with her. We do not know what finally became of this desolate mother, because these facts occurred in 1630, and after this period we find no accurate account of what took place in Japan.



You Buy the Ads

Figures for last year's magazine advertising take are enough to make one sit back and think. Four weeklies were paid 96 millions, 75 millions, 32 millions and 22 millions just to have advertising carried in their pages. We pay for the magazines, and we wind up reading more ads than anything else. Let's give the Church some free ads.

The Negro has had so much of his purgatory here on earth that I venture to say most of us will be several steps behind him at heaven's gate. God commanded: "Love thy neighbor." He did not say: "Love thy *white* neighbor."

Father Thomas Jones

If all the gold in the world were melted down it would be the size of an eight-room house. If a man were to get possession of all that gold, he could not buy a friend, a clear conscience or eternity.

Forbes Scrap-Book

"The sun shines successively on different parts of the earth, and at present the sun of grace is shining on Africa. At every hour the chimes of providence are striking and we have to be on the alert so that we set forth neither too soon nor too late, but sharp on the stroke. And I, the Pope, tell you that Africa's hour has struck."

Pope Pius XII

A Catholic, Tom O'Brien, is the new president of the Trades Union Congress, the central body representing over 180 unions and over 8,000,000 workers in British industry. He was elected at the annual conference of 900 delegates at Margate, Kent.



Conducted by Thomas Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Hugh de Blacam, 1890-
Versatile Irish Writer

I. Life:

Hugh de Blacam was born in London, England, the son of Ulster Protestant parents, in 1890. His first contact with Catholics was with the Irish colony in London. This knowledge of the Irish Catholics and his great love for the Irish led him to investigate and join the ancient Irish church at the age of twenty-three. In 1915 he married Mary MacCorvill, the author of *The Rhymer's Wake*. Two children were born to their marriage. Irish to the core and bitterly resenting the false partition of Ireland, de Blacam was an active member of the Sinn Fein movement and was imprisoned in 1922 like so many Irish patriots. The de Blacams live at Ravendale, County Louth, Ireland.

II. Writings:

Writing since he was nineteen Mr. de Blacam has been very prolific in both Gaelic and English, prose and poetry. As "Roddy the Rover" he writes a daily article for the Irish Press and has contributed numerous articles to both the Irish and American press. His versatility is evidenced in the variety of his writings: novels, children's books, biographies, hagiographies and dramas. Gifted with the natural Irish wit and pathos de Blacam is at home in any field to which he sets his pen.

His children's books include: *Credo*, an explanation of the Apostle's Creed; *Druids Cave*, a tale of ancient Ireland; *Tales of*

the Gaels, the story of the legendary Finn and the Fenians; *Uncle Pat's Playtime Book*, stories, verses, jokes and puzzles to amuse the young; and *O'Kelly's Kingdom*, the adventures of two children in their travels around Ireland. The lives of the saints are detailed in three of his books: *St. Patrick: Apostle of Ireland*, a very scholarly and readable biography; *The Saints of Ireland*, the stories of Ireland's two famous Saints, Brigid and Columbkille; and *The Golden Priest*, a three-act drama of the life and martyrdom of Blessed Joseph Plunkett. His novels and stories are represented by three well known books: *Flying Cromlech*, a romance of a young man searching all over Ireland for his true love; *Holy Romans*, novel of the Irish nationalist movement with the Eastern Rebellion of 1916 as a prominent part of the plot; *Ship that Sailed too Soon*, romantic and humorous short stories with Red Hugh O'Donnell as the central figure of the title story. His work, *Gaelic Literature Surveyed* is the classic history of Gaelic literature.

III. The Book:

Gentle Ireland, reveals de Blacam at his best on his favorite subject.. This book presents the Catholic culture of Ireland as revealed in history, literature and the life of the Irish people. The author shows us Ireland in poems and pieces on Ireland's saints, writers, people, priests and legends. Those who love Ireland will be delighted with *Gentle Ireland*.

APRIL BOOK REVIEWS

THERESA NEUMANN

The Riddle of Konnersreuth. A Psychological and Religious Study of Theresa Neumann. By Rev. Paul Siwek, S.J., Ph.D., S.T.D. 228 pp. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.50.

The controversy about the supernaturalness of phenomena in the life of Theresa Neumann continues. For years all the books published in America about Theresa were very laudatory of her and proclaimed the supernaturalness of the occurrences in her life. Then in 1951 Hilda Graef dropped a bombshell on many American Catholics in her book, *The Case of Theresa Neumann* in which she cast grave doubts on the authenticity of the phenomena. This book aroused a great deal of writing, pro and con, in Catholic magazines. Now a new book, *The Riddle of Konnersreuth*, by the eminent Jesuit philosopher and psychologist, Rev. Paul Siwek, throws further doubts on the extraordinary phenomena of Theresa Neumann.

This latest book is worthy of serious consideration, both from the scientific learning of the author and the laudatory letter of Archbishop Carinci, the Secretary of the Congregation of Rites. It might be well to examine the letter of the Archbishop. "I admired your impartial and objective presentation of the facts of the case, as well as your carefully considered judgment on the various marvellous phenomena which are found in Theresa Neumann. Not a few of these are, from a scientific viewpoint, of the natural order, and a few indeed are at present of doubtful origin. You do not come out with a final judgment for or against these latter, as, alas, so many superficial writers have done. . . . Through this work, then, your reverence has earned the gratitude of science, of the Church and especially the Sacred Congregation of Rites." Surely a book with such praise from so eminent a prelate, the Secretary of the

Congregation of Rites which has the task of pronouncing on extraordinary phenomena, can not be dismissed lightly or thrown aside in contemptuous indignation.

A word about the method of Father Siwek. Hilda Graef examined the facts of the life of Theresa from the background of ascetical and mystical theology. Father Siwek discusses these same facts from the viewpoint of the natural sciences, especially experimental psychology and psychiatry. His study and learned books in these fields give him every right to be heard. His approach is the only realistic one. He contends that first the possibility of a natural explanation must be ruled out, before the question of their supernatural character can be even posed.

What are his conclusions? The first few pages are spent in recalling the facts of the case and the remaining 194 pages are devoted to a critical study of the facts. After scientific examination of the healings, stigmatization, ecstasy, visions, gift of tongues, prophecy and clairvoyance and the prolonged fasting he expresses his conclusion in these words. "How happy we should be if, like so many other students of Konnersreuth — we could conclude our present study with a constat! It is certain that the Konnersreuth phenomena are supernatural! Unfortunately we are not able to do so at present. All the extraordinary phenomena seem amenable to a natural explanation, except Theresa's continuous fasting, and this has never been proved factual. Will our doubts be finally resolved some day when Theresa, bowing to the wishes of the Church, submits herself to a new examination in a Catholic hospital? Perhaps. Meanwhile we must be cautious of premature pronouncements."

This reviewer must confess that it has given him a new slant on the case of Theresa Neumann. The facts of pathology, notably hysteria, do seem to explain many

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of the facts of the *Riddle of Konnersreuth*. Science definitely can not explain the prolonged fasting, but the author maintains that there never was a real scientific observation made of this fact. This book is bound to keep the fires of controversy burning high. Much heat, perhaps some light will come from this. In conclusion, this reviewer makes his own the previously quoted words of Archbishop Carinci. "Through this work your reverence has earned the gratitude of science, of the Church and especially the Sacred Congregation of Rites."

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

Only Son. By Rev. Walter Farrell, O.P. 244 pp. New York, N. Y.: Sheed and Ward. \$3.50.

Jesus of Nazareth. By Hilarin Felder, O.F.M.Cap. Translated by Berchmans Bittle, O.F.M.Cap. 353 pp. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce Publishing Co. \$4.75.

Redemptive Incarnation. By Albert L. Schlitzer, C.S.C. 337 pp. Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press. \$2.50. Paper cover.

These three books are worth while additions to the books on Christ that have been appearing in recent years. All three are scholarly books of exceptional value to the laity as well as to priests and religious.

Death interrupted the writing of *Only Son* by Father Farrell but his publishers have completed his work from the chapters of his popular, *Companion to the Summa*. With his facile style and penetrating analysis the personality of Christ comes to life in the pages of his last book. *Only Son* is both a life and a study of Christ that merits the attention of readers who have come to know that the name of Father Walter R. Farrell, O.P., stood for the best in Catholic writing.

The late Bishop Hilarin Felder wrote the classic reply to the biblical rationalists in his earlier book, *Christ and the Critics*.

Several years later a prominent scientist asked him to write a more positive book for the educated laity on the life and personality of Christ. *Jesus of Nazareth* is the answer to this request. The book is divided into seven parts: Preliminary Considerations, the Personality of Jesus, His Fullness of Virtue, the Messiahship, His Divinity and Jesus in the Early Church. This scholarly life explains well the history and theology of Christ.

The latest volume in the Notre Dame Religion series is *Redemptive Incarnation* by an assistant professor of Religion, Rev. Albert L. Schlitzer, C.S.C. This book covers the tract of the Incarnation and Redemption of the Manuals of Theology, also the appendix on the Blessed Virgin. In his preface the author emphasizes that Theology uses tradition, that is Sacred Scripture, the writings of the Fathers and theologians, and the documents of the Church. The well ordered and presented text emphasizes these sources of tradition in a way to instruct the student. While proposed as a college text it can also be read and studied by the interested layman. We are waiting for the remaining volumes in the excellent Notre Dame Religious Series.

FOR CHILDREN

The First Catholics. By Marigold Hunt. 146 pp. New York, N. Y.; Sheed and Ward. \$2.75.

Marigold Hunt, advertising manager of Sheed and Ward, is the author of *The First Catholics*. As indicated by the subtitle, *The Acts of the Apostles for Children*, the book retells for eight to twelve-year-old children the story of the early days of the Church. Miss Hunt follows closely the chronology of the Acts of the Apostles and has succeeded in presenting an interesting and instructive story for children.



Lucid Intervals

"Now, about your references," said the prospective mistress to the girl who had applied for the position of maid.

"What references?" said the applicant.

"My dear girl, I stated clearly in the ad, 'Excellent references.'"

"Goodness," said the girl. "I thought that applied to you!"

The old doctor had never refused a summons from rich or poor, but now he was tired.

"Have you any money?" he asked the midnight caller.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then go to the new doctor. I'm too old to get out of bed for anybody who can pay for it."

Sandy was learning to play the bagpipes. One night, while he strutted about the room, skirling for all he was worth, his wife attempted a mild protest.

"That's an awfu' noise ye're making," she said.

Sandy sat down and took off his boots, then got up and resumed his piping in his stocking feet.

A man who was fond of playing practical jokes, sent a friend a telegram, charges collect, which read: "I am perfectly well."

About a week later, the joker received a heavy package on which he was required to pay very considerable charges. Opening it he found a big block of concrete on which was pasted the message: "This is the weight your telegram lifted from my mind."

When a little hill country schoolhouse opened for the fall term, the teacher recognized all the pupils except a spindly little girl who clutched an even tinier little boy by the hand.

"What's your name?" she asked the little girl.

"Stinky Hatfield," was the answer.

"I don't want any of your vulgar nicknames," the teacher replied. "I want your real name. If you refuse to give it you can walk right out of the school."

The little girl grabbed the little fellow's hand and said, "You might as well come along with me, Ratface. She'll never believe your name either."

The big game hunter was telling his wife all about his encounter with a tiger.

"Yes," he wound up, "it was a case of the tiger or me."

"I'm so glad it was the tiger, dear," she said, "otherwise we wouldn't have this lovely rug."

"My Harold is a very sensitive youngster," said the possessive mother to the teacher. "If you see him misbehaving, and think you need to punish him, just slap the child in front of him. That will frighten Harold enough to make him behave."

"I always encourage my husband to relax when he comes home," said Mrs. Smart.

"And what does that get you?" demanded the skeptical neighbor.

"A lot of loose change in the easy chair."

Amongst Ourselves

Shortly after the March issue of THE LIGUORIAN went to press, we received word that on February 6, 1954, the Very Rev. William P. Gaudreau, C.S.S.R., Provincial Consultor of the Baltimore Province, had been elected Rector Major and Superior General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, usually known as the Redemptorist Fathers.

Father Gaudreau is the first American to be elected Superior General of the Redemptorists, who were founded in the Kingdom of Naples in 1732 by Saint Alphonsus Liguori. Since then this missionary congregation has spread all over the world. The first Redemptorists to do missionary work in the United States came to our country in 1832. At the present time the Redemptorist Fathers in the United States have three Provinces with 79 houses and five Vice-Provinces with a total of 35 houses.

The new Father General had been stationed in New York City as Provincial Consultor since 1950. Previous to that he had been a missionary and Vice-Provincial Superior of American Redemptorists working in Brazil and Paraguay, South America. From 1930

to 1937 he had been stationed at the Mission Church in Boston, Massachusetts, and had preached missions in French and English throughout New England.

Father Gaudreau was born in South Braintree, Massachusetts, September 24, 1897. For some years he worked as a surveyor on the New Haven Railroad. He made his preparatory studies for the priesthood at the Redemptorist College at North East, Pennsylvania, and pronounced his vows as a Redemptorist in the novitiate at Ilchester, Maryland, on August 2, 1922.

Father Gaudreau, as Superior General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, will have jurisdiction over 27 Provinces and 35 Vice-Provinces of the Congregation, whose members, in 1953, numbered 8,129.

We ask all readers of THE LIGUORIAN to join with us in our prayers for Father Gaudreau, that God may bless him abundantly and guide him and enlighten him in his government and direction of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer so that all its members may continue to labor for the glory of God and for the salvation of immortal souls.

Please notify us promptly of your change of address, giving both your old and new address. It makes it easy for our office if you cut your stenciled address from the rear cover of one of your issues of The Liguorian and send it in when asking for a change of address. Notify us by the tenth of the month if your copy for that month has not been delivered.

FOUR THINGS TO REMEMBER

The biggest things in your life are the things that will happen at its end. They are sometimes called the four last things. They may also be called the four biggest things. They are bigger than anything you ever had, have now, or ever hope to have in this world.

These four biggest things are death, judgment, heaven and hell. You are going to die; you wouldn't be mad enough to doubt that. At death you are going to be judged, as Christ said, according to your deeds. Then you are going to be assigned forever to the place designated by your deeds—heaven or hell. Forever! That's the word to remember. You have 30, 40, 60, 80 years on earth in which to decide where you are going to be *forever*.

The Liguorian is designed to help you make the right decision. It is concerned about your "forever." Read it faithfully and it will teach you how to be safe and happy forever.

A one-year subscription costs \$2.00 in the U.S., \$2.25 in Canada and foreign countries; a three-year subscription costs \$5.00 in the U.S., \$6.00 in Canada and foreign countries; three one-year subscriptions can be had for \$5.00 in the U.S., \$6.00 in Canada and foreign countries.

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